

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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No. 11

THE CREATION OF ENTHUSIASM AND LOYALTY.*

BY ELDER B. H. ROBERTS.

I thank God for music, and for those who make it. The uppermost wish in my heart at this moment is, that I could preach the gospel, and make those who hear feel its power and influence, as those who sing it make me feel. (Sister Emma Lucy Gates had just finished singing, "O Ye Mountains High.") I should then be happy.

It has fallen to my lot to speak the final word in one of the most remarkable conferences held by our Improvement organizations. I cannot help, however, entertaining a doubt of my ability to rise to your expectations, but I am willing to attempt the part assigned me, and trust in the Lord for the outcome. I shall confine my remarks to the part of the work which belongs to the Young Men's Improvement Associations in this conference; and indeed it is just as well that I should do so, since our sisters who have spoken in behalf of the young ladies' organizations have said

* Remarks at the evening meeting of the M. I. A. annual conference, Salt Lake Tabernacle, June 10, 1906.

all that is necessary to say of their work in this conference, and have said it much better than I could say it.

In the officers' meetings of the young men's associations, we have not only considered the prosperous phases of our work, but we have considered also its failures, its defects. We have rejoiced in the large enrolled membership—approaching 30,000—but we have considered also the fact that there are very many yet not identified with the cause who ought to be supporting it; and the further fact, that of those whom we have reached in times past, we have lost some. We have stood face to face with the fact also, that we owe too much to external pressure for the success of our organizations. They resemble too much the cistern and not enough the fountain. Our process of work resembles too much a pouring in process, rather than the creation of a fountain which is to give out living streams. The greatest defect in the work of our organization consists in the lack of an individual, spiritual interest. Too much of our success has been attained by force of organization, rather than by individual interest in the work, and there seems to be a lack of individual enthusiasm and loyalty to our cause. In the presence of this large and interesting conference, and especially in view of the splendid testimony meeting held in the Assembly Hall this morning, where the atmosphere was vibrant with enthusiasm and interest, one would think my statement difficult to believe; but it must be remembered that this conference, and especially our meeting this morning, was a very exceptional occasion; and if you will recall the condition of our several associations throughout the Church territory, and the character of our meetings all through the season that is just closed, and recall the amount of dullness and lack of appreciation of the work attempted, and the absence of enthusiasm, so far as the young men are concerned, I think you will hold the conclusion arrived at in our officers meeting, namely, that in the matters indicated—lack of individual enthusiasm and loyalty appear to be the defects to which we ought to address our efforts, in the hope of eradicating them.

I love enthusiasm; also the manifestations of loyalty, especially when they are genuine, and when the outward act is but the expression of an inward feeling. And that is what we need in these associations of ours, enthusiasm and loyalty. The question is, how

shall we inspire it? If the recognition of a defect was always equivalent for finding a remedy for it, the matter would be easy enough; but that does not always follow. We need a remedy. We need some method suggested as to how we shall inspire this spirit of enthusiasm in the youth of Zion for our Improvement cause. And I suggest here, that I have in mind a broader cause than Mutual Improvement. I would include interest in the whole Church of Christ, of which Mutual Improvement Associations are but auxiliary organizations, but so closely united, to the Church that they are inseparably connected with it; and enthusiasm for the one will result in enthusiasm and loyalty to the other.

In thinking how to inspire this enthusiasm for our Church and Mutual Improvement, I have thought that we could, perhaps arrive at the secret of creating it, by asking the question of those now inspired with enthusiasm, how they came to be made enthusiastic in its support, and loyal to its maintenance. How came you in possession of that spirit? Doubtless the process by which it was imparted to you would impart it to others. You became interested in God's great latter-day work by learning something about it, about its principles. You became enthusiastic over it because of the hopes it inspired in you, both as to the present and the future. You learned to see in it a profound system of moral and spiritual truth. You found in it a harmonious meaning of the whole history of our race, and the fact of the ultimate redemption of the race from evil through that system of truth—the gospel. You rejoiced in it because of the infinite possibilities it suggested in the development of the powers of man—the intellectual, moral and spiritual heights to which it promises to lead him; in brief, your enthusiasm for it grew out of the fact of your learning what it was. To illustrate: During Queen Victoria's Jubilee year, monarchs and princes and men in all kinds of high stations in the governments of the world, some of them ecclesiastical as well as political, came to do her honor. Among those who came was a certain Persian prince. In religion, of course, a Parsee, that is, a worshiper of the element of fire, chiefly symbolized in the all-glorious sun. He came from the high plateau region of his native country, where the atmosphere is splendidly transparent, and where the sun shines the greater

number of the 365 days of the year. The murky atmosphere of England, with her dense, periodical fogs, and where the sun seldom shines uninterruptedly for a single day, was in marked contrast to all this.

At a social function, given in one of the many mansions of London, one of the ladies present rather ridiculed the faith of our Persian prince, and made some slightly ironical comments upon the Parsee's faith, especially that phase of it that justified the worship of the sun. "Why," said she, "I cannot understand at all how anyone could worship the sun." To which the prince replied: "I can understand very well, my lady, why you find it difficult to see how anyone could worship the sun; you have never seen him!"

This is my point. One cannot be enthusiastic about our faith, if he knows not what it is: if he is unacquainted with its glories, its profound philosophy, its resplendent spiritual light. To become enthusiastic over it, one must learn it, one must know it. And hence it follows that the chief thing to do in order to create an individual interest in our work, to create enthusiasm for it, is to make it known to our youth. When they come to some apprehension of its beauty, its greatness, its consistency; when what it means to the individual and to the world becomes known to them, enthusiasm and loyalty will follow, as effect follows cause.

I hold that in the Church of Christ we have a cause worthy of all acceptance, one that will produce enthusiasm, if only it is understood. Let us consider for a few moments the objective purposes of the gospel of Jesus Christ and of the Church of Christ, to see if this be not true.

The Church in the first place is God's depository of revealed truth, and the authorized teacher of it. Among the objective purposes of the Church is her mission to impart the truth she holds to the children of men; to proclaim the existence or being of God, and the kind of a "Being" he is; to teach man's relationship to God, and his duty to Deity growing out of that relationship; to teach the relationship between man and man, and man's duty growing out of that relationship; to teach man his duty in all the relations of life—the mutual duties of husband and wife, of parent and child, of sister and brother, and man to man; to teach man

his duty to society and his country; in a word, it is the objective purpose of the Church, first,

To teach the truth;

and second,

To perfect the lives of those who receive it.

On these two things hang all the objective purposes of the Church. She was brought into existence that she might teach her truths and mould character; her prototype of character being Jesus, the Son of God.

Let us consider the subject a little more closely, and give illustrations of the meaning here intended.

Recently in *The Hibbert Journal*, a London publication, Sir Oliver Lodge, a man who stands easily within the first rank of our modern scientists, announced that he had for some time been searching for the vital element in Christianity, the power which enabled Christianity to survive the vicissitudes of many centuries, and now dominate the most civilized peoples of the world. He says:

I believe that the most essential element in Christianity is its conception of a human God; of a God, in the first place, not apart from the universe, not outside it and distinct from it, but imminent in it, yet not imminent only but actually incarnate in it, and revealed in the incarnation.

He admits that this great central truth of Christianity has been badly taught by the sects. Sometimes unconsciously taught or neglected, and not always faithfully expounded.

But whatever its unconscious treatment by the sects may have been, this idea—the humanity of God or the divinity of man—I conceive to be the truth which constituted the chief secret and inspiration of Jesus: “I and the Father are one.” “My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.” “The Son of Man,” and equally “The Son of God.” “Before Abraham was, I am.” “I am in the Father and the Father in me.” And though admittedly “My Father is greater than I,” yet “he that hath seen me hath seen the Father;” and “he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.”

My point is this: If this principle, named by Sir Oliver Lodge, has been a vital element in Christianity, how much more abundantly may we hope it will become a vital principle in our faith—in the faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; nay, may we not say it is already, and has been, a vital principle in the faith of the Church? The statement now made by Sir Oliver Lodge

with such freedom, however, would have been rank heresy a century ago. It is truly encouraging to find men of advanced thought, and recognized as both Christians and scientists, taking up some of these doctrines which the prophet Joseph Smith amid the storms of his career proclaimed to the world three-quarters of a century ago. It indicates that the flashes of inspiration from the Prophet's mind, derived as they were from the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and later announced to the world, are being here and there taken up and reflected by those who perhaps may obtain a better hearing for them before the world than representatives of the Church could obtain. The sources of these doctrines may not always be announced; indeed, they may not always be known; but the doctrines are ours, nevertheless, and it will not be difficult when the time comes to prove that this doctrine of the "humanity of God," or the "divinity of man," that is, the recognition of God and man as being identical in race, in "essence" or "substance," originated in these modern times in the teachings of the prophet Joseph Smith, and, as I say, a hundred years ago would have been accounted blasphemy. The doctrine was so accounted when taught by Joseph Smith.

The most splendid revelation that God the Father ever gave of himself to man was not to Moses at the burning bush; nor to the martyr Stephen in his glimpse through the parted heavens, when, for a moment, he saw the Father and the Son revealed; nor to the great apostle of the Gentiles in his vision of Christ; but it occurred when God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ stood revealed full length before the modern prophet Joseph Smith, and conversed with him respecting the great work of the last days, the dispensation of the fulness of times. Ever after this vision, the Prophet taught that God the Father, revealed to him, was and is "an exalted man."

"If the veil was rent today," said he, on one occasion, "and the great God who holds the world in his orbit and upholds all worlds and all things by his power, if you were to see him today, you would see him like a man in form, like yourself in the present image and very form as a man; for Adam was created in the very fashion, image, and likeness of God." Such the Prophet's teaching; such the teaching also of the scriptures. In the person and

attributes of the Lord Jesus Christ we see God revealed, for the Christ is God manifested in the flesh. I love to think of that incident in the life of Messiah, after his resurrection from the dead, when he stood full height in that resurrected and immortal body of his, the body in which his spirit still lives, in which he lives to-night wherever his abode may be—I love to think of him standing in the presence of his apostles, in Judea, saying, “All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

There can be no doubt about it, Divinity was incarnate in Jesus Christ. He is as his Father was; he is now as his Father is. He is not only divine, but Divinity, Deity, God incarnate in a human form. As we contemplate this revelation of God, all mystery passes away. There is no more uncertainty, no more doubt. We know of the being (*i. e.* existence) of God; and the kind of Being God is. He is as Jesus was, standing there before his disciples in an immortal body of flesh and bone, saying, “All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.” We know God, then—God the Father, and God the Son; “whom to know is eternal life.” No marvel that Sir Oliver Lodge accepts this Christ revelation of God as the vital element in Christianity. It is also the vital element in the restored gospel of Jesus Christ—Christianity revealed anew in modern days, this thing that men call “Mormonism.” God completely revealed through Jesus Christ, both as to his person and his character, is the highest revelation of God to humanity; and this highest revelation of God, “Mormonism” teaches its following. It commands first allegiance to him; faith in him is the central truth of the gospel; and the incentive to all Christian living—truly the vital element in this religion of ours. And this highest truth respecting revealed Deity we may teach our youth.

Christian theologians thought they had made a wonderful discovery when they found that the spirit of Jesus was “in the beginning with the Father,” and that his spirit was divine; that it was of the Father, that is to say of the same nature or essence with the Father. But the prophet Joseph Smith, through the revelations of God, gave us even larger conceptions respecting Deity and Divine Beings than did the deductions of these theolo-

gians. For, while he reiterated that Jesus was "in the beginning with the Father," a divine being of the same essence as the Father, he also said:

"Ye, too," addressing the brethren who were present when the revelation was received, "were in the beginning with the Father." "Man," said he, having reference to the race—"man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the Light of Truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be. All Truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all Intelligence also. Otherwise there is no existence. Behold here is the agency of man, and here is the condemnation of man, because that which was from the beginning is plainly manifested unto them, and they receive not the light, and every man whose spirit receiveth not the light is under condemnation, for man is spirit."

This revelation teaches the great fact that man has that which is divine in him, and this immortal "intelligence" or "essence" is begotten of God, a spiritual personage, a veritable son of God; and because of this kinskip between man and Deity, the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, is not with us a mere abstraction more or less pretty, but is a concrete truth.

And now a word as to the possibilities for man in the future, under the existence of these truths.

Here I shall avail myself again of a word spoken by Sir Oliver Lodge in the article before quoted. In common with nearly all modern scientists, Sir Oliver regards evolution as "God's means of doing a thing," but that subject need not detain us now. Under that supposed method of doing things, he reaches the following conclusions:

The universe is struggling upward to a perfection not yet attained. * * * We must try to extend the thought of growth and progress and development up to the height of all that we can realize of the Supernal Being. In some parts of the universe, perhaps already the ideal conception has been attained."

Our Prophet taught that this was a possibility to eternal "Intelligences," to men; and in one of the revelations (Doc. and Cov., sec. 132) he mentions the fact that some of the nobler spirits have even now passed on to their exaltation and glory, and

have entered into the divine state. But to continue quoting our scientist:

On this planet man is the highest outcome of the process [evolution] so far, and is therefore the highest representation of Deity that here exists. Terribly imperfect as yet, because so recently evolved, he is nevertheless a being which has at length attained to consciousness and free-will, a being unable to be coerced by the whole force of the universe, against his will; a spark of the Divine Spirit, therefore, never to be quenched. Open still to awful horrors, to agonies of remorse, but to floods of joy also, he persists, and his destiny is largely in his own hands; he may proceed up or down, he may advance towards a magnificent ascendancy, he may recede towards depths of infamy. He is not coerced: he is guided and influenced, but he is free to choose. The evil and the good are necessary co-relatives: freedom to choose the one involves freedom to choose the other.

This is "Mormon" doctrine as pure and undefiled as was ever preached, and I hope you will be impressed with it. It is "Mormon" doctrine that man has free-will; it is "Mormon" doctrine that he has in him a divine spirit, which cannot be quenched; it is "Mormon" doctrine that he may survive, through acceptance of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the horrible mistakes and transgressions he makes in this world.

And now a little reflection upon all this.

I admire men of even temperament, whose blood and judgment are so well commingled that they are not a pipe on which fortune plays what stop she pleases. "Give me the man who is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart of hearts." I rejoice that there are so many of such characters. Though some may sneer at them as merely "safe and formal" men, not geniuses at all, and seldom rising to the level of greatness, yet they are men upon whom God can rely, men on whom he can place responsibility and not find himself betrayed or disappointed. I rejoice in their ability to pursue the even tenor of their way, and say again, I am glad there are so many of them. They constitute the class that gives permanency and steadiness to any cause with which they identify themselves. I sincerely trust that such men will be preserved from the one danger into which they are apt to fall, the danger of self-righteousness. I sincerely trust they will not commit the most serious of all faults, namely, that of being conscious of no faults at all. I sincerely hope their minds will continue to be illuminated, so that they can see beyond the levels on which they

stand with such ease, to still greater heights to which they may attain. And, indeed, the Lord has quite generally taken care that they shall be preserved in the frame of mind to do all this; for to the very best he has given such weaknesses that he keeps them humble, and his grace is sufficient for all men who humble themselves before him.

I say, I rejoice in these characters. But what of those whose blood and judgment are not so well commingled? What of those who are wayward, and who fall into sin and into transgression, and, like the prodigal son, "spend all their fortune in riotous living"? What of them? Well, in the presence of such facts as these we have considered, one may still remember that the gospel of Jesus Christ is the *power of God* unto salvation, even for prodigals. Repentance is a reality, and forgiveness is a splendid fact. When you fix in the mind of man this great central truth of religion, the being of God, and a knowledge of the kind of being he is; when you arouse man to consciousness, and to the realization that he possesses the power of free-will; that he is "a being," to use the language of Sir Oliver Lodge, "unable to be coerced by the whole force of the universe against his will;" that he can be stronger than all inherited tendencies, than all external temptations; that his moral action, leading to his moral status, can be determined by himself—when you put these truths into his possession, you put instrumentalities of salvation into man's hands; instrumentalities of salvation that he may use when he will. I know these ideas contravene opinions held by some people—people who are wont to credit all their sin and folly to Satan. In their opinion they do wrong because the devil prompts them, and in some cases compels them. Such ideas prevailed at one time among the Saints at Nauvoo, and the Prophet Joseph, on one occasion very emphatically corrected such notions. "Satan is generally blamed for the follies which we do," said he, "but if he was the cause of all wickedness man could not be condemned. The devil cannot compel mankind to do evil, all is voluntary. Those who resist the Spirit of God are liable to be led into temptation, and then the association of heaven is withdrawn from those who refuse to be made partakers of such great glory. God will not exert any compulsory means, and the devil cannot."

I believe that doctrine with all my heart. I could not believe, if I would, that God had placed his children at the entire mercy of a malignant spirit, under devil-domination. Of course, I am not to be understood as denying the devil's influence for evil. Like all evil associates, if we make him one, and invite his spirit and influence within the circle of our activities, he may have an influence over us; but if so, it will be because we invite it. But it is also true, that saying of an ancient prophet's—"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." (James 4: 7.)

I am admonished by a very worthy and very exalted example (Michael the Archangel, Jude 9,) that it is not proper to bring a railing accusation against his Satanic majesty, the impersonation of evil; but I glory in this great truth of man's freedom; in the doctrine that he cannot be coerced against his will, and in the very teeth of his Satanic majesty I tell him, great as his power may be, that he cannot coerce man! God will not permit him to invade the realms of man's free agency on earth, any more than he would permit him to destroy it in heaven, which was the thing he attempted there, and was the cause of his rebellion and fall. No man is captured for, or is drawn into, the kingdom of evil unless he chooses to go there.

Man may wander far from the home-base of righteousness; he may commit many follies and sins, even until he reaps the inevitable rewards of his riotous living, the swine-herd and the husks; but having these instrumentalities of salvation at his command, consciousness and free will, the time will come when the voice of God will appeal to his soul to some purpose, and he will say: I will arise and go to my Father's house, for the meanest place within it is preferable to this, or even to the palaces of wickedness. And we have reason to believe that he will not return to his Father's house in vain; but will find welcome and encouragement to develop the purest and best there is in him.

Now, with these instrumentalities of salvation at his command, consciousness and free-will, with eternity before him in which to work out the problems of existence, what may we not hope for man? Think of that word "Eternity—Eternity! Thou pleasing, dreadful thought!" It means not a paltry three-score years and ten in which to solve the meaning of existence; not a thousand

years—a hundred thousand—nor a million. It means endless duration! Stars may fade away, and suns grow old, and universes sink to chaos, but the soul of man shall remain in immortal youth, an immortal being, still in possession of self-consciousness, still with the power of free-will, and God as his friend! What man may attain to under these circumstances, despite the stumblings in his experiences in this world, is not for me to say. The height of excellence that he may attain is far beyond my comprehension now. But this much I believe, that none has come to this world and united the elements of it to their spirits, by which they secure a body, eventually to be made immortal like the spirit that inhabits it, but will bless God for this earth-existence. It may take eons of time to make even a satisfactory man of him, to say nothing of a Divinity, but my faith is that he will at last attain unto a glorious manhood.

Of course, I make these remarks under the well known limitations fixed in the revelations of God concerning the sons of perdition, who are excepted out of these considerations. What their final fate may be I do not know. God has said that it will be revealed only to those who partake of that condemnation. I have nothing to do with them in these reflections.

But speaking of those who do not commit the unpardonable sin: they are heirs of salvation, and the everlasting gospel somewhere and sometime will reach them, and the heights to which they may ascend no man can now compute.

These are some of the doctrines that challenge my affections, and make me love "Mormonism." Not speaking in tongues, not interpreting tongues, nor healing physical infirmities, nor dreams, nor visions, though all these are well enough, in their place, and are not to be depreciated; but my love for the gospel grows out of the partial knowledge I have of the great truths it contains. In it I feel the presence of a marvelous system of truth, a philosophy that gives unity to all history, and proper relationship to all existing things; that fills life with a real meaning, and makes existence desirable. And if I could only intelligently grasp these great truths in the presence of which I feel I am standing when I contemplate "Mormonism," and reduce them to some orderly system which I am sure they are capable of, I would account myself most happy. But, meantime, though we now see as but through a glass

darkly, yet we may see enough, even the humblest of us, to make our religion the dearest thing in the world to us. And if only we present in proper manner these great truths to the youth of Zion, so that they may feel their force, it seems to me their interest will be secured and their enthusiasm put in the way of development.

Let us then preach these truths, which are vital elements in "Mormonism" to our youth; and as Sister Grant just admonished us, let us preach them pleasantly, good-naturedly, not in the spirit of anger. Why should we be angry at the indifferent, at the sinful? What right have we to be angry? When Lucifer fell, we are told that the heavens wept over him. They did not rejoice over his fall. True, they rejoiced; but their rejoicing was that so many had been saved, not that so many had fallen. For the fallen they had only tears. We should be admonished by such an example. Let us preach the gospel; in hope, too; in faith, also, believing that it is the power of God unto salvation. Let Paul plant; let Apollos water; and be assured that God will give the increase. He will not fail in his part.

I rejoiced today in the words, spoken by Present Joseph F. Smith, to the effect that we had no means by which we could measure the result of the principles we are teaching, that we love and advocate. They may not produce fruit today or tomorrow, but the time of fruitage will come. God takes long stretches of time in which to accomplish his purposes. To a great nebula, extending over such stretches of space that our minds are lost in the contemplation of it, he sends forth his fiat, and lo, a universe is born! The movement of the mass takes on definite directions. The nuclei of suns and planets are thrown off. Long ages pass before the nebulous masses are encrusted. More ages before their surfaces are covered with waters. Long ages more before the rocks are covered with grasses, and the forest and the grain and the vegetables that shall sustain life, appear. But through all these ages the decree of God is holding fast and sure; and a system of worlds shall come into being. Matter has received the eternal edict, and must obey; and, though it take time, yet God works out his purposes in these things. And so it is with this everlasting gospel, to be applied to purposes of salvation for man. God's purposes shall hold fast with reference to that, through all the ages; only you plant and water, and God will give the increase. Amen.

OUR GOAL AND SELF-INSISTENCE.

BY CLAUDE F. BARNES.

I.

After what model do you mold your conduct—what to you is the supreme good of life? Before utilizing our power of self-insistence, we must know a real exemplar or conceive an ideal, for, if not, our deeds are liable to be capricious and our very thoughts whimsical—life, itself, perhaps, either as unoccupied as that of a sinecure, or as erratic as that of Lord Byron. The oft-heard expression of indecision—“shall I?”—has by reduplication formed the word “shilly-shally.” Is there any shilly-shally in you, or have you some standard that guides your choice in all questions of moral doubt? Nearly all great men have, even in youth, predetermined their course of action; they have pre-resolved to reach some definite destination. Now from a standpoint of character, not worldly success—ethically—whither is your aim?

When we look into the history of ethical reflection, we find that from the first there have been two opposing types of moral theory, each basing itself, somewhat, upon a corresponding conception of human nature. One school has maintained that man is essentially a sentient being, and, therefore, that the first consideration should be the pleasure of the body—this is Hedonism, upheld among the ancients by the Cyrenaics and Epicureans. At variance with the Hedonists were the Rationalists, who argued that man is in reality, exclusively, a rational being, and that all conduct should aim to satisfy the demands of cold intellect—this is Rationalism, supported, formerly by the Cynics and Stoics, and latterly, by the Intuitionists and Kant. Apart from these extreme, adverse persuasions, but emanating from Hedonism, there

is the modern, more altruistic view of John Stuart Mill, who contended that the final cause in life is not the most pleasure of the individual, but the greatest pleasure of the largest number—this is Utilitarianism.

Suppose before you are three motto cards, ready to be fixed upon the wall. The first says: "Look, first and wholly, to the pleasures of your own body;" the second, "Endeavor, always to satisfy, first, the intellect;" and the third, "Let your aim in life be the greatest pleasure of the largest number." On the backs are written respectively, Hedonism, Rationalism, Utilitarianism. Think upon it. Which could you hang up in your room and behold, evening and morning, with the thought: "That is in accordance with my life and aim?" Perhaps you criticize: the first is, ostensibly, too voluptuous; the second, in that it intellectualizes the moral life—identifies goodness with wisdom, duty with logic, and virtue with knowledge—is inadequate, for there is a sentient side to human nature; the third, though practically very good, fails to reach the maximum of life; sensibility is egoistic, not altruistic; and, as a well-fed pig is happy, happiness, as an end, inspires too little greatness, too strongly encourages a refined intemperance, and induces too much vapid contentment to be the watchword of a perfect society.

"Perfect!" ah, there is the word—there is one other maxim. This card contains the rich precept of our Savior: "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Below you may inscribe "Eudæmonism," and, if you desire, "Mormonism," for, indeed, neither pleasure nor happiness is, alone, our goal, but something more, something higher—Perfection! In the gladsome hope of self-realization, self-fulfilment and individual perfection, one forgets the grossness of the flesh, in growing into the faultless beauty of the spirit. Matthew Arnold has finely enforced the idea:

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good.
Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends;
Nature and man can never be fast friends.
Fool, if thou canst not pass her, rest her slave!

Browning, in his *Rabbi Ben 'Ezra*, dispraises Hedonism and

commends the difficult path that leads onward, upward toward the perfect day:

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Were man but formed to feed
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast;
 Such feasting ended, then
 As sure an end to men;
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?
 Then welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids not sit nor stand, but go!
 Be our joys three-fourths pain!
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
 Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

Perfection is a word of transcendent meaning, of infinite scope; one can aim as high, but no higher. In it, as Shakespeare thought, "All's Well,"

All that life can rate,
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
 That happiness and prime can happy call.

No, if a "Mormon," the word is not too grand for *you*. God is Perfection personified; and, as Whitney, in his masterly epic has said, you are,

O man, a divinity in embryo.

Because you know yourself to be imperfect now, is it impossible that you are potentially perfect? Because your mind is feeble, weak, your body sick, is it hard for you to understand that this is only the mundane part of you, and that you have a higher self? In reality, your mind manifests itself in three planes: the subconscious, the conscious, the superconscious. Subconsciously, the mind expresses itself in all involuntary actions—dreaming, digesting, and jumping from pain: consciously, the mind thinks, reasons, reflects and determines; superconsciously, the mind perceives that which is above the flesh—it does not reason or reflect, but *knows*. It is from this superconscious state that all our testimonies as to the gospel's truth emanate; there the mind and the soul become one.

Sometimes one is "carried away" by a book, sometimes, unexpectedly, one experiences a moment of exquisite, almost divine happiness with the being whom one loves; again, for a moment—just for a moment—one is perhaps enchanted by a preacher's ecstatic eloquence; or for another thrilling moment, transported by the beautiful harmony of music. What does this mean? It means that in these cases a chord is struck, which vibrates in unison with the soul. From the soul is reflected one little dulcet note; and this reaches the mind. What rapture! What ecstasy! What gladness it is! How far beneath one seem the earthly pleasures of the senses, which, Hedonistically, we had thought embraced all the joys of life. Ah, there is something infinitely more delightful than bodily gratification—the fruition of one's soul-power!

From this one passing glimpse at the region beyond reason, what do we see? This: the mind is in a position midway between two realities—one is the soul, illumining with comforting and inspiring light every concordant opening of the mind; the other is the physical self, coarse, wilful, and selfish, radiating a welcome to sensuous pleasure. There is the force that lifts, elevates beautifies; and the force that darkens, weakens, wounds, drags down. The mind is between, and can mold itself conformably to either influence.

The mind is its own place, and of itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

This suggestion brings one to the consideration of the method of fashioning the inner man. It is all involved in the words "self-mastery." Vice is only another name for laxity and decay. Permeating the superconscious state are certain laws, which, if the mind desires bliss, it must learn to obey; and in this case man is his own preceptor, his own teacher. To comply with divine law is to enjoy celestial ecstasy; to be master over all, not only one vice, is to bear obedience to that law. It seems, the more one thinks of it, that not this world alone, but the universe itself, is set toward the production and perpetuation of the aspiring and virtuous man.

Now, that the building of the soul-body in the flesh is gradu-

ally accomplished is obvious when we consider that all great reforms are deliberate, and even:

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height.

Where there is abrupt zeal, there is too often abrupt backsliding; so, in insisting on self-improvement, one must go slowly, a step at a time, a little more each day, onward *ad infinitum*.

The secret of self-mastery is *attractive concentration upon the desired reform*, the reason for this being, that by concentration you harmonize the mind with the soul. Suppose that you have some pain; by concentration of the thought upon its opposite, the suffering sometimes ceases. It is the body that is sick, not you, not even the mind. Happiness is in the mind, if you only compel it. I realize that there is a sect of philosophers who support an erroneous doctrine, *i. e.*, that there is no such thing as sickness; all is mind. Now those who have been ill, know that it is absurd to maintain that twitches, cramps and throbbing aches are only so many turns of the imagination; so, if exponents of the sophistry do alleviate suffering, it is because the mind gets it under control, not because the twinge is not there. Just so with moral habit; we can rise above or acquiesce; we can, with resolution, concentrate or use not the emendatory powers of the will. This is thoroughgoing Optimism, "Mormonism," or Eudaemonism; indeed, it is characteristic of any system which dares to think of the word "Perfection."

One day, when a boy, David G. Farragut boastingly summed his vices: "I can swear like an old salt; can drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and can smoke like a locomotive. I am great at cards, and love gambling in every shape." Subsequently, piqued from his father's severe rebuke of this gasconade, the lad, at once, entered a course of compulsory reclamation. Many years afterward, when his body had learned to submit to the fiat of his will, he said, that youthful act of self-insistence "settled my temporal as it settled my moral destiny."

That grand, permanent reformation was accomplished by a constant saying of "I will not." This article would demand that

one not only say "I will not," but also "I am not;" thus changing the inward desire as well as its outward gratification.

II.

One of the first applications of these views should be toward happiness in general, for, as Epictetus said: "If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault. God made all men to be happy." Think how much you have to be thankful for, and then, remembering that it is your duty to be cheery, assert, maintain, "I AM HAPPY!" Say it, and mean it when you say it—realize it—"I AM HAPPY!" Insist on your happiness, even though at first it seem but a delusion. When you have concentrated on happiness for some time, you will notice that it is easier to put your sorrow out of your thought. If you find your trouble no longer usurps your attention, dominates your mind, or darkens the light of your soul, then you will indeed have proved the strength of these words. Keep saying it to yourself every time you are melancholy, and make the expression of your face correspond. Try it, for you, perhaps, have seldom thought of the power of mental self-command.

That this is not mere Utopianism, and that we can really coerce both mind and body, will appear from the following most extraordinary circumstance. It must not be considered in the light of "Spiritualism," or anything of the sort; but as evidence of the complete physical control of which normal man exercises but a part. Many a criminal has died because he was told that in the bed in which he must sleep, there had just expired a victim of the plague, whereas, in reality, the bed was clean; the following case is, perhaps, the most remarkable on record, being supported by unimpeachable authority, and related by Dr. Cheyne in his *English Malady* (pages 308-310):

Hon. Gornel Townshend, who for many years had suffered from an organic disease of the kidneys, was attended by three of the most eminent men in England—Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Baynard, and the great surgeon, Dr. Skine. These physicians being sent for early one morning, their patient told them that, lately, he had found that by composing himself, he could almost expire, and, by an effort, resuscitate. He being weak, the medical men were loath to witness the experiment, but he insisted upon it. Following is Dr. Cheyne's own account:

We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard had his hand upon his heart, and Dr. Skine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink, gradually, until, at last, I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch! Dr. Baynard could not feel the least emotion in his heart, nor Dr. Skine see the least soil of breath on the looking-glass. We then each of us held to his lips the glass several times, examined his pulse, heart, and breath, and could not by the closest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time on this strange, odd appearance, as well as we could; and all of us confessed it unaccountable and beyond our power to explain. He still continued in that condition, and we concluded that he had indeed carried the experiment too far; and, at last, being quite satisfied he was dead, we were about to leave him. He had continued in this situation about half an hour, it being then nine o'clock, when we observed some motion about the body, and upon further examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he then began to breathe gently and to speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change in a man we confidently believed to be dead, and after some further conversation with him among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this astonishing case, but confounded and puzzled, and unable to form any rational scheme by which to account for it.

The doctor goes on to state that several months after, being afflicted with melancholia, Mr. Townshend made his will, called his friends to his bedside, and calmly and composedly expired in one of those extraordinary influences of the mind over the physical system. A post mortem examination revealed perfectly healthy viscera with the exception of a diseased kidney.

Now, if one was thus almost able to control his destiny, is it Utopian for you to feel that by the exercise of will power, you can enforce a mere habitual state of mind?—insignificant, indeed, in comparison with the wonderful self-mastery of the man. Especially if, in any, *animalism* be paramount, take heart, hold the respect of your friends by following this appeal to mental exaction upon the appetites. Thousands of cases of severe intemperance are today being cured by the exponents of suggestive therapeutics; but avoiding extremes, there is not a degrading habit, from occasional smoking or mere vulgar gluttony, down to drunkenness, that cannot be checked and cured by the conjunction of the will of God and the will of man.

As happiness is of great comprehension, let us come to more specific considerations.

There is one thing over which we seldom take too many precautions—conversation. Emerson says: "A man cannot speak but he judges himself: he draws his portrait to the eye of his compan-

ions by every word." Ask yourself if the perfect man's conversation would not be refined, elevating, and as refreshing as a pearly bead of water in the hot desert; if so, "be thou perfect," by the co-action of will and body.

One of the most distressing characteristics of any personality is a bad temper, whether emanating from discontent, lassitude, trouble, or inherent, wilful irascibility. A perverse, "thin-skinned," querulous person will depress a home and be as forbidding as a scorpion radiating its warning: "Handle with care." Surely the presence of a perfect man would not be disagreeable; he would be inviting and cheery. Remember, then, there must be no weak point in you, and that your mood is under your own volition. Say: "For this next day I *will* be pleasant. I *will* greet everyone kindly and take no notice of any hurt. In fact, I am as pleasurable as anyone, and am anxious to prove it." Keep repeating the words, and the exercise is sure to be salutary. You may be about to meet someone who has hurt you—brace up!—determine to be affable and to radiate love, not hate, from your presence. Do not be touchy, but, like Dryden, listen silently to a personal detraction, thinking only of love during the ordeal, and then, with a sweet, forgiving smile—the smile of love and a big soul—walk away. This power may surprise you; but as sure as you are reading this, its joy is true. Nothing bewilders the defamer so quickly, nothing exonerates the victim so surely, as forgetfulness and a heart too taken up with love to be conscious of a hurt. Try it, and you will win every time, for you are molding the perfect man. Say to yourself, "My mind is in a sweet joy of its own, and no crossness in my environs can lower its happy plane." You are missing half of life if you do not practice these things. The world has many a "Sir Fretful Plagiary," and many a man, like Socrates, is wedded to tetchy Xantippe; so, there are plenty that are contentious and sour, buckle on your motto, and devote yourself to perfection.

Entirely unconformable, also, to the mold of a perfect soul is the habit of tale-bearing. When a person's character is being belauded, some scandal-mongers delight in besmearing and exaggerating of their own account, before passing on the distortion. Faugh! would *you*, an aspirant to perfection, condescend to do that?

No! Calumny and backbiting of any nature, whether proceeding from jealousy, envy, or habitual malevolence, are unjust and painful, often leaving, forever, a lamentable blemish upon the unfortunate victim. Ask yourself: "What would the perfect man do?" and the answer comes something like this: "The perfect man never speaks ill against anyone, unless it is a greater evil to leave it unsaid." So just as you repeated: "I am happiness; I am good nature;" say insistently: "I am justice."

Very often you will hear those about you ruthlessly criticizing an acquaintance, perhaps a friend, while you listen in misery or silence. To retaliate, to exonerate the absent sufferer, only provokes more caustic remarks. Of course *you*, yourself, will never be guilty of evil speaking; so, always quietly rebuke the word-catchers who do, by saying: "He of whom you speak, at least, would not bespatter anyone with his odium; whatever his faults, he does not sadden the world by publishing the faults of others." If you cannot bear more, quietly walk away, thus showing that slanderers are of your world a thing apart. Yours is the world of love, respect, equity, and right—perfection! If people defame you, try loving them, try speaking kindly to them, try not noticing the hurt—try, or you would never know the happiness and the truth in these words. Others may not reciprocate, this may discourage; but if you try to love everyone, you can nearly do so.

There is another sort of defamation that cuts a very deep, cruel way—the surreptitious lampoon. If a preacher be reprehending a certain class of meritricious individuals, and A writes C's name on a hymn book and with a wink passes it to B, B understands, and that little virulent germ soon spreads to disease a whole personality. We are too ready to condemn, too slow to exonerate. Say constantly: "I am above such underhanded littleness." Not only say it, but be it—be perfect; for if there is anything we ought to despise, it is a man with a "little" soul.

Another thing: Is the perfect man he who shines in the telling of obscene stories or smutty jokes? No! Of course you, yourself, are not addicted to this habit; but how many men are there whose every-day thought is on libertinism, and whose every breath is saturated with the carnality of their hearts! So when indecent

stories are being told, look down, be silent, and busy yourself with something till you are able to join the conversation on an undefiled road. The greatest men in the world today would regard it as an insult did one attempt to tell them a suggestive joke; so do not think it is smart, for it isn't. Look down upon it. I have known a man who, without uttering a word, could by mere will power, suddenly silence a party engaged in cheerful conversation. Nay, he could also introduce a tone which would make everyone feel uncomfortable. Thus a positive thinker of good thoughts influences all minds, passive to good impressions, while a positive thinker of evil thoughts sways, sometimes, the minds of those who are passive to evil thoughts. Will that your companions may know that you do not like their bawdy jokes, and you will soon have them silent. Try it, but never forget to subjugate self by repeating constantly in your mind: "I am a positive thinker of good. My thoughts are pure, and I am as incapable of an equivocal joke as of a loose action." You will find that you can mold yourself to about what nature you desire.

One of the few regrettable inclinations of our own people is ostentation and caste, based entirely on wealth. They that have money sometimes inadvertently brandish it; and even in our smaller villages, envy causes everyone to enter the rivalry of display. How many boys have been laughed at, who, when there was no bread for mother and father, have bought brand new buggies! This is wrong: a lack of modesty and reserve. What, in the town, is petty enviousness, becomes, in the city, a desperate fight for "the best," ending disastrously for some of our most promising young men. Let no rich foppery deceive you, for probably our greatest men today—greatest in the sense of character and achievements of lasting worth—are only comfortably situated, or at least they have gained their station through no assistance of wealth. It is a noteworthy fact, also, that the most eminent authors and deepest scientists one chances to meet, evince the most modesty. Probably foremost in his line in America today, is Dr. Barker, of Johns Hopkins Medical College, yet he often, with the sweetest esteem possible, appeals to some student for help, just as if he did not know three times as much about the problem as the assistant! True greatness is unpretentious and deferential; so follow not the

imperfect man's deceptive star—ostentation. Say each day: "The perfect man is modest, not conceited; respectful, not supercilious; reserved, not forward; aspiring to goodness and worth, not to wealth and vain glory—I *will* be the perfect man!"

To continue with illustrations of the practical applicability of will power were but cumulative; its utility is sufficiently indicated. To one accustomed to much sickness, its clinical use is often wonderfully demonstrated, and, indeed, the leading medical men today are recognizing more and more the true position of the psychical factor in therapeutic application; but this article has aimed to point out its commanding assistance in moral regeneration.

Generally speaking, then, whether it be in business, on the sick bed, or in social life, two questions are asked: "What do I want?" and "How shall I attain it?" The former is answered by the gospel: "I want all things that lead to perfection;" the second, by the mind: "I shall *will* always to do only such things and to think only such thoughts as are conformable with my idea of a perfect man." From the very first effort, the Spirit of God will instruct you how to work; soon the mask of your old self will be cast away, and revealed within will be the molded character, still beautifying, still growing, onward, upward, unto perfection!

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CAUSE OF DEFEAT.—PRICE OF SUCCESS.

Every human being would be glad to have agreeable surroundings and ample means, but the protesters against social conditions refuse to see that a price for these desirable things must always be paid in some form of effort or abnegation, and that those who lack them are precisely those who find the price higher than they are willing or able to pay. The defeated in the struggle for life are almost invariably the victims of impatience or emotion; the successful, those who can accept bad butter, or a hot week, as merely regrettable incidents in the path toward their goal.—*Mrs. Wetmore, "Elizabeth Bisland."*

JASON'S REVENGE.

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN.

The stoves in the kitchen and under the old apple tree were roaring, and a fragrant odor floated out on the warm August air. "Ma Black" and the girls were intently filling the preserve jars, when lo the wood-box was empty—no wood was cut, and the ax was gone. Where was Jay? He had agreed in the early morning to supply this demand; but there was neither track, sound nor motion to indicate his whereabouts. His name was pronounced in a shrill key, and a more shrill key, as each tried to call louder, but even little Jane's squeaky voice failed to bring a response.

The old buck-saw was brought from the wagon shed, forced to gnaw off the small ends of two cotton-wood logs, and business proceeded. "Ma Black" would seal the jars, while the girls brought more white "clings." Swinging the tub between them, they were about to bring in a verdict on Ophelia Berg's new hat, when a ragged shoe attracted their attention. Inside of that shoe was Jason Black's twelve-year-old foot, and three feet away in another quondam new shoe was its mate, while their owner, sprawled out in generous style, was peacefully sleeping. His time-worn hat, in a mangled wad, served as a pillow, and his brown locks hung comfortably in every direction. His sisters, being good in emergency cases, soon restored him to consciousness. He looked squintingly about, to make sure it were the same world in which he fell asleep, and moved off, towards the corral.

Finding the dreaded implement, he had cut perhaps a dozen sticks, that is, if splinters too be counted, when a huge green lizard ran from under a log, and he remembered his fine Navajo bow and

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

arrows. Lizards frightened the girls, and sometimes crawled into the house and ought "anyway" to be destroyed.

His efforts to "spear" the little green "dragon" led him along the fence to the corner, when a familiar voice called out: "Come it, Jay, we're goin' to have a swim." The bow and arrows were cached in an instant, and the crowd starting for the river were joined by the laziest boy in town.

Two hours later they returned with languid step, and rested under the old tree near the store. Four pairs of horse shoes were borrowed, and two heated games enabled eight boys to kill time till the long shadows suggested supper.

Cautiously back up the fence came young Black, low and arrows in hand. Peeping out through the opening towards the house, he saw no one, and hastened in the direction of his deserted task. The wood he had cut was gone, and more had been haggled off, presumably by his mother or the girls, the licks having been much misplaced, and only the small ends of sticks having been attacked. Seizing the ax he began working vigorously, and doubtless would have made a good showing but for a slight recollection: it was that book *Self-Help*, by Mr. Smiles. Four chapters a day till the book was finished, for two dollars, and he had promised his father he would read it. The book was—O yes, down there under the blanket. He had read two lines, but had to sleep before going farther.

Jason was comforted with the news that his mother was away to spend the evening, and he resolved to be asleep before her return. When just ready for supper, there came a knock at the door, and before the unlicked cub could hide, his sister had invited Ophelia Berg into the room. She was altogether too pretty and neat for the company of ragged, grimy-handed boys, at least he thought so, as he tried to smooth his hair and sit erect, while he fidgeted with his feet and tried to twist a button from his trousers.

Ophelia's parents, too, were away, and the pigs had broken out of the pen into the garden. Even to the sleepy mind of the unlicked cub, there were folks that could appeal, and Ophelia was one of them. Fishing his hat out from behind a trunk, he went with her in haste, and listened generously and gallantly to her

account of the wonderful speed and rooting powers of the escaped swine.

The animals proved to have all the agility she had ascribed, and the chase became heated and interesting before they were penned. But oh! what a wonderful girl Ophelia was. She could run, climb a fence, jump a ditch, or throw a stone as well as any boy. In the hurry she lost her straw hat, her hair came down and floated in profusion behind her as she ran. She could laugh and scold in the most genial way possible; and, walking home through the twilight, Jason could still see the golden hair and hear the merry innocent laugh; it echoed in his mind, and reechoed again and again in response to its own sound.

The school seasons came and went. Jason remembered that during that time there were ten dances, and eight molasses candy "pullings," and that from each one he had escorted Ophelia home, and heard again the innocent laugh—that at the gate she had said, "Good night, Jay," with real warmth and regard. But his lessons, when he did not play truant, were prepared just well enough to avoid a clash with the easy-going teacher. Sunday was a favorite day to climb the cliffs and fish in the river; in fact, the caves and willows afforded a safe retreat from many a dry lesson and wearisome task. The "two-dollar book," after lying five months on the shelf, was returned to its owner—one page having been read.

* * * * *

Hector Black rode over the range, observed the abundance of grass and browse, and proceeded to buy and bring into the country, a large bunch of cattle, just before the market fell. Every nerve had to be strained to avoid a crash. Under the scorching sun, in showers or mud or snow, he had to ride the range, and his tender, effeminate son had to go also. Few and brief were his visits to town, and what with the wasted past, and the company of ignorant men of the range, the youth really "didn't know nothin'."

But still he loved Ophelia, and his thoughts and songs and prayers, when such were not forgotten, were warmed by the fire she had kindled. When the lowering sun painted the western sky in richly blended hues, he resolved the changing shadows into her profile and wealth of golden hair. When the gloom of night had

hushed the sounds of day, the whip-poor-will sang only of Ophelia, in the distant village.

But there was anxiety and suspense in these emotions; there was a rival in the field—a rival whose wit was dangerous. Of course, it was cheap wit, sometimes, but with a handsome face and shapely form to second it, it always passed muster. Yes, he had brain and strength to lavish on whiskey and cigarettes, and money to squander in poker and monte. Ophelia liked to talk with him, and he was an excellent dancer.

With a band of pack horses and noisy bells, the cow-boys came over the sand hills and into the town to spend a whole week. Jason Black came with them, chaps, spurs, sombrero and all, but, sad to relate, this equipage was his best. The clothes that had served during the last year for dances and candy “pullings,” were faded and shabby, besides being too small for his seventeen-year growth. But there was going to be a “sociable” at Aunt Jane’s, and he must go,—the clothes must be worn, and the hat which in the character ball had accommodated George Washington must go, too.

How he dared in such attire to call at Ophelia’s fine home is still a mystery, but if his courage were wanting, his lack of taste supplied it. At all events he escorted her to the “sociable” where he found a seat in the corner, and thought by keeping still to hide both his clothes and his ignorance. This little scheme might have been all right, if jealous Budd Park had not contrived to let the crowd see how Jason’s coat-tail was abbreviated, and how much of his slender gray socks were visible above his shoes and below his trousers.

It was a game of forfeits, and the young cow-boy had, of course, to redeem one; no amount of pleading and excuses would suffice, he must execute a cow-boy jig, or lose his hat, besides being taken out on the floor and sprinkled with saltpeter. Oh it was just awful! Most of the boys and girls did try at first to keep from laughing, but when one sock came sleepily down over his shoe top, they laughed till they cried. Aunt Jane had nearly succeeded in quieting them, and they were making spasmodic efforts to straighten their faces, when Budd said something about a man by the name of “Ichabod Crane,” and they laughed worse than ever. Jason found his way to the corner, and sat down red and angry.

Ophelia had laughed, too, she was still brushing the tears away with her handkerchief. He would go home. But no—he would remain.

Budd was a perfect clown; all that he said was hailed as wit. Placing Jason's hat on a broom-stick, he drank to the health of General Washington. Once more the smothered merriment found expression. Jason looked down at his shabby clothes, and the big drops swelled up in his eyes. He did not venture a word. His slow tongue could never meet Budd's irony, but down in his heart he said, "I'll get even with you, just see if I don't."

Seeming to understand the art of annoying, Budd sat by Ophelia the rest of the evening, glancing occasionally into the corner to make sure that his dose of gall and worm-wood was not losing its force. But the "sociable" came to an end, at last, and with a heavy heart, Jason started home with his fair partner. He could stand the poor clothes, and laughs, and insults, if only she were on his side, but surely she loved Budd more than him. Up the long side-walk he said but little. His words would be at a poor advantage while something better echoed in her ears.

The moonlight broke through an opening in the shade-trees, enhancing the beauty of her fair form and face. The golden hair was more lovely than ever. How dare that gambling tobacco-fiend claim her? Jason's jaws clenched. He would like to meet the rogue off in the hills—he would settle the affair in real Texas style. But that was all nonsense. He must talk now—he *would* talk.

"Ophelia," he began with a slight tremor in his voice, "I want to say somethin' to y'u. I know I'm mighty awk'ard 'ith words—but maby you kin help me."

"I'm a poor guesser," she faltered, "you'll have to make yourself more plain."

"Well—a—is it me or Budd?" he managed to say, and listened with quick pulse.

She murmured something about "such a silly question," and waited as if in study. Oh what a lot she must have had to think about. An owl groaned dolefully in the cliffs, and answered the echo ever so many times.

"Oh please don't keep me waitin'," he said, "do tell me!"

"Oh, I could never love you, Jay," almost petulantly, "you're not aspiring enough."

It has ever been a mystery to him how trivial matters change the whole course of a life, and he still thinks that if Sister Berg had not called her daughter, just at that moment, the conference would have ended very differently. But at the sound of a rather stern voice from the house, she said simply, "Good night," and tripped up the path.

With face and ears burning, he stared stupidly at the closed door a full minute before moving. In his room he removed the offending coat and trousers, and kicked them violently into a corner. The hat followed in two pieces, and the abominable stocking received a scathing look. He dove savagely among the quilts and pillows, muttering something about the "curse of poverty." Hour after hour he listened to the owl's groan, relieved only by short nightmares in which he was laughed to scorn, or fighting a duel with Budd Park. "Not aspiring enough!" That verdict was second-handed; it had originated in the meanest mind in town.

When the eastern horizon was streaked with gray, he hurried to his favorite cave in the cliffs. Was it to pray? He could not pray for revenge. It was to grieve in the stillness; to tell to the solitude the misery, the woe, the heartache that man will not tell to man. No one should ever know it; Ophelia should never be led to guess his grief. But she should regret her action, he would excel whoever she might trust—excel him if it should take eternities to do so, and she should see the folly of her choice and regret her mistake forevermore. All the force of his rejected love should be directed to the accomplishment of this one purpose.

The erstwhile pleasant dances and candy "pullings" should see him no more. They could sip their beer and laugh themselves hoarse at cheap wit and empty nonsense—Ophelia's lord would be there among them, and she should find by the stern knocks of life, and the fine distinctions of eternity, that her glib-tongued favorite had gained but little strength, as the pet of a frivolous girl and the darling of a giddy crowd.

His father's reverses precluded even the thoughts of school, but there were books at home, hundreds of dusty volumes seldom disturbed. They should be under his pillow, in his saddle pockets,

and sandwiched into every spare moment of the day or night. He would read them—he would learn—he would see and hear and drink, from the very atmosphere, truth into his poor empty soul, by the help of heaven!

The early sun's rays caused the dew to sparkle, as Jason Black, with red, swollen eyes, came down from the cave, bathed his face in the spring, and returned to the village a new man. He felt a strange regard for himself and the world, when, entering his home, he assumed all the ease and composure of the past—even a greater ease, the ease of renewed life and hope.

Mr. Smiles' book was obtained again, and notes were taken on every chapter. What a pity he did not read it before! Next came *Voice of Warning*, *Gospel Philosophy*, *New Witness for God*, etc. The movement had passed the Rubicon. Some folks were incredulous, others were thunderstruck. A serenading party was shocked at his refusal to join them, and a crowd going without him for a swim said he was "goin' plum crazy."

But on he went; the range, the field, or at home, it was all the same, his books were not forgotten. The dances and candy "pullings" went on just the same; in fact, some folks were kind enough to bring word that they were ever so much better, but it made no difference. Rumor said, too, that Budd and Ophelia were engaged, but that occasioned no surprise.

When he had business with anyone, he stated it promptly and briefly, and departed as soon as it was finished, thereby saving time and avoiding ridicule.

Thank goodness he had not "sworn off" on public worship, for now the Sunday Schools, and M. I. A. meetings, satisfied a longing for company that otherwise would have made life weary.

Once he met Ophelia, in a narrow lane; she seemed annoyed, and looked at the fence as if she wished to climb it and avoid him. How very offensive he must have been to her who once talked with him for hours together. Fearing that he would grow captious and cynical, he decided to attend a dance, one evening, merely for the sake of being sociable. At the door a swarm of "half-baked" young hopefuls were smouldering among rolls of tobacco and paper, presumably with the hope of adding the necessary brown to their doughy constituency. Budd was the great magnet around which

they gravitated, he contained more whiskey than any other three there, and by virtue of that, he was their entertainer. He was "aspiring enough," surely.

The hall was well lighted, the music was fine. But O that "yahoo" at the door! Would she endure his company now? Surely not! But when the next numbers were called he staggered across the floor and led her on for a waltz. Oh mercy! He drew her up to his polluted bosom, and she made no objection. His breath was nauseating, but she feigned to enjoy it—her taste was barbarous! Yes; they both saw Jason, and laughed. This was not the girl he had loved, her company had transformed into a different person. No, he would never love *her* again. She was a traitoress! She was a shallow, giddy creature!

Work and study, early and late, by the eighteenth month of his new leaf; the best men in town were his friends, though Budd grew more vindictive than ever, and even rejoiced to hear that some of Jason's unclosed letters had fallen into the fire and were destroyed.

Jason was planning a trip to the cow camp, on the mountain, when he received the following note:

Jason Black,

Dear Friend:—I take it that you did not see my other letter, so I write again. Will you please call on me tomorrow evening at eight?

I wish to ask you a question.

Respectfully,

OPHELIA BERG.

What could she want to know? But, then, it could not be anything of importance, coming from that source. He wrote an affirmative answer, and thought no more of the matter till the next evening, when, forgetful of the hour, he stalked off to the Berg home, just a little curious to hear the wonderful question. Through the gate and up the path, it was the first time for many months, and he could almost feel the old emotions of that particular place. But those old emotions arose like an avalanche when the same voice of the past rang out, to its own accompaniment, the dear old song that once was the acme of everything sweet. Was this the girl who could inspire only disgust? This was the sweetheart of his youth with whom he walked by the river. His steps quickened

instinctively, but he stopped perfectly still. The music with its pleading floated out on the air. He brushed a mysterious something from his eye and frowned thoughtfully. It was a grave situation. He would not enter there, bound by enchantment; besides, he was too early, he would go back.

In fifteen minutes, he rapped at the door with resolution in every nerve. She was alone. Her white face was beautified by a trace of sadness. Gentle in manner, her voice soft and low, she seemed repenting of every offense.

When seated, he stated the purpose of his visit, and she acknowledged the letter. "I'm ready to hear you," he said, as if to help what seemed to be struggling for expression.

Her eyes filled with tears, her lips quivered, but with great effort she spoke slowly and pleadingly: "Oh Jay, I know I'm bold—I know I'm overstepping a girl's rights, but I had to tell you. I've acted a lie. I went with Budd to spite you, and you bore it patiently. You've made love to no one. Forgive me, Jay—oh, forgive me!"

They both sobbed, it was impossible to refrain. Jason's feelings were in awful conflict. He arose: "It's too late, I'm very sorry—but it is too late."

"Oh do overlook it," she pleaded, "I was but a child, and had no thought of forsaking you."

"You are extorting a painful confession, but 'tis better so than that I be induced by your tears to speak a falsehood. I forgive you, as a friend, but while memory lasts, I can think of you only as a friend."

All was silent. They stared at the carpet, as if under a spell.

"My other letter to you was burned, I suppose?"

"I think so," he answered.

The adieu was a sad one. He closed the door carefully. Its close marked the end of a chapter in two lives.

* * * * *

With the rising sun, Jason drove his pack-horses out of town and away over the sandhills along the winding trail. The cow-boys were rough men, their company would not be elevating, but worse still, Budd Park was with them.

At ten o'clock of the second day, the lone horseman drove his

packs into a quaking-aspen grove near Posy Spring, and dismounted. The boys were out of camp, the pilfering blue jays flew into the trees and chattered saucily. Pack-saddles, panniers, ropes, bedding and whatnot, were scattered about in glorious disorder. On a stone was a deck of cards, and not far from it a small account book was partly hidden in the dust. He would not take the liberty to put the camp in order, but that book might mean much to its owner—he would place it on the cards.

The book was worn to rags, and when disturbed, a number of leaves and notes fell out. Putting them back, one by one, he caught sight of his own name, and unfolding a note read:

Jason Black,

Dear Friend:—Will you please call on me, Tuesday evening, at eight? I wish to talk with you.

Respectfully,

OPHELIA BERG.

It was her hand writing, surely. Hastily examining the book, he found the name of Budd Park. "The miserable sneak! The burglar! He shall drink penitentiary soup, and it won't be to the health of Washington, either!" He grew more angry as he failed to guess how the note had escaped the fire, and considered and rejected ever so many ways of reciprocating this latest insult.

Fortunately for him, it was evening before the boys came trailing into camp with laugh and shout; all of them but one shaking hands with the new comer. That one, however, viewing Jason's saddle-pockets, ventured that the weight of the scriptures on the end of a rope would stop the wildest steer on Texas Flat. But Jason walked over to where Budd was undoing his *laragos*, and held out the little book. "I'll keep the letter as a link in my great chain of evidence," he said, as Budd's hand flew to his vest pocket, and his face whitened to the very lips.

As the days passed, there was many a guess as to what ghost was haunting young Park. He was pale and nervous, ate but little, and scarcely spoke. More than once he looked up silently from his plate, only to meet Jason's triumphant grin—he understood that grin, and he read: "My rope is on you, old boy, and when I come to the end of it, you'll feel the weight of the scriptures, mighty suddenly."

The topics of the camp were seldom instructive, and Jason's evenings were often spent alone among the rocks and trees, where he could contemplate the glorious stars, and listen to the music of breeze or brook. Once in the stillness he discovered a man praying; and, thinking it impossible that anyone in camp but himself ever did such a thing, he hastened back to the fire, where the "Roland" followed so close on the heels of the "Oliver" that all else was forgotten, but Budd was not there, he did not come for a long time, and then went quietly to bed.

It was Jason's turn to go, in the morning at daylight, for the horses, yet turn his pillow in whichever shape he would, he could find no sleep in it. The evidence had been all too nicely collected and arranged, and the proof was altogether too clear and strong to drop. And, besides, this chance had no doubt been prepared by providence and ought to be improved. But then—that prayer. And that old widowed lady with only one son. The debate continued while the midnight wind sighed through the treetops.

In the gray dawn he left camp, bridle in hand. Hearing a muffled noise, he looked over his shoulder, and saw Budd pull on his boots and start to follow. Jason feigned to take no notice, but with clenched fists he said to himself, "I must be firm."

With camp safely behind, the boy in boots began: "Well, I've held out just as long as I can endure it. I've acted a bilk, and I'm caught. Ophelia is yours. I can't deny it. I want to make matters right—I'll answer to you in preference to anybody else. I'll give you all I own, but for pity's sake, don't tell it. My mother'd die if she heard it." His voice was husky, and his lips plainly betrayed emotion. The two boys sat down under a pine tree, forgetful of horses, time, or the waiting outfit.

"Well, how in the world did you get that letter?"

"You see, Ophelia stopped at the postoffice gate with some girls, while I posted letters for us both—the light from the window revealed your name, and I yielded. I meant to burn it, but studying to guess all it's meaning, I kept it. I've been full of Old Nick ever since."

"And you're ready to come to my terms?"

"Yes; anything you say, just so it's secret. Of course, Ophelia'll have to know, but let me tell her, and ask her forgiveness."

"Now, I guess you won't like my judgment; but if you don't choose to accept it, you'll have to take the consequences." Budd listened with wide open eyes and parted lips. "First you're to quit tobacco and whiskey, right short off. Second, you are to read and take notes on fifteen books that I shall name. Besides this, you are to go to every Sunday School and Young Men's meeting, when you are in town. You can have only one chance to abide this decision, and I'll keep the letter as security. If you fail, it means prosecution. If you keep it, neither Ophelia nor anyone else shall know, and she is yours so far as I am concerned."

The listener's head was lowered, and two great drops fell into the dust. For a minute neither said a word, but they felt the old barrier of hatred melting down between them.

"I'm not worthy to be your dog," said Budd, wiping his eyes, "if I had had you in such a hole—O goodness!"

"Well, what do you say?"

"I agree," he answered, holding out his hand. "I'll sure do it. In fact I had planned most of it, but somehow I couldn't git started. I thought you was my enemy, and you thought the same about me, but if you'll take 'im, I'll give you Old Jack."

"Oh I don't want your horse, Budd; if you want to sell 'im, you'd better buy books."

Pledges and confessions followed each other, and a warm friendship contrived to obliterate old memories.

All the wise men, the gossips and eaves droppers, failed to guess what had happened to the old hoodlum chief. He and Jay Black seemed to be brothers, all of a sudden, and old lady Park looked ten years younger. The Sunday School and Young Men's Association were greatly reinforced by the new curiosity.

* * * * *

Jason Black came home from the meeting, feeling fine. The preaching had been wonderful. From his pocket he took a letter and read. This was the fourth reading, but his face brightened perceptibly. The letter was signed "Nora." In his trunk were three dozen, with the same signature, and he went to put it with them. Rummaging among his things, he found a crumpled note signed, "Ophelia Berg." "Well, I'll declare," he said, "that should have been burned a year ago, I don't need such security any long-

er." Placing it on the coals, he started for a stroll among the dear old cliffs, to commune with the rugged solitude, and read of God in his ancient stony records.

From a lofty point he looked down on the valley, the river, and the town, whose housetops were visible above the trees. Down in the green canyon, on his right, a youth and maid were seated under the huge cottonwood, by the spring. They were talking, and seemed to be perfectly at ease.

"Bless your days," thought the solitary onlooker, "it was you, Ophelia, who marshaled my powers, and set them to work; and from you, my dear Budd, I learned the blessedness of charity. My revenge be forgotten."

Wandering back over the hills to a high knoll, he looked long and thoughtfully at the distant, desert haze. What a wonderful world, this that had been prepared for man! The very rocks and mountains seemed to speak—speak with a still voice—hark! The very stillness was singing and shouting the truth: "Live, son of man—live in action and diligence—'Live by every word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God'—brace all your strength to gain the mastery—

'Nor stop, nor pause in thine eternal course,
Faster and farther by each knowledge won—
Trace the Kolobian rays to their bright source,
Pierce to the glories high beyond the sun.'

Grayson, Utah.

THE IMPRESS OF THE SOUL.

The work you are doing, day by day,
Beareth the mark of the soul within,
Proclaims to the world the man you are—
Through it, life's battle you lose or win.

Oh, better your work were left undone,
If you think of it ever with shame;
Remember that thou alone canst make
A symbol of truth and worth—thy name.

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

Waterloo, Salt Lake City, Utah.

LIFE OF ST. PAUL FOR THE YOUNG.

BY GEORGE LUDINGTON WEED.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TWO YEARS IN CÆSAREA.

Paul before Felix—Drusilla—Contrasts—Prisoner's Speech in a Palace—Prison Visitors—Felix no Longer Governor—Festus in Jerusalem with the Jews—Paul before Festus in Cæsarea—The Appeal Unto Cæsar—Agrippa II—Noble Apostle before Ignoble Royalty—Reflections of Agrippa and of Paul—Paul's Story of Himself—Agrippa's Response—From Palace to Dungeon.

Let us think of Paul, the innocent Apostle of Jesus Christ, a prisoner in chains on trial before Felix the Roman governor. The Jews had hired a lawyer Tertullus to speak against him. He began by flattering Felix, telling him how glad the people were because he had punished robbers, and deceitful men who had led others astray. He tried to prove that Paul was such a man and deserved punishment. He charged him with making trouble among the Jews; of being the ringleader of the Christians whom he ridiculed by calling them Nazarenes; and that Paul was guilty of profaning the temple by saying and doing in it improper things. As Tertullus spoke the Jews present cried out saying that these things were so.

Felix beckoned Paul to answer him if he wanted to. The Apostle made a speech proving his innocence. Felix had no doubt of this, but he would not say so for fear of displeasing the enemies of this poor, hated prisoner. He told them he would put off the decision a short time. He gave orders to have Paul put into

prison, but not to be cruelly treated, and that his friends might visit him there.

Drusilla was the wife of Felix. She had been very beautiful in face, but not in character which had been and still was very bad. She was a Jewess, and doubtless from childhood had heard much about Paul, and was now curious to see and hear him. So she and Felix sent for him to come to a room in their palace. Its carved ceiling and benches covered with rich Tyrian dye were a great contrast to the rude things in his prison. So were the gorgeous robes of Drusilla and Felix, to the prison garb of Paul. But greater than all was the contrast between the guilty pair, and the innocent Apostle of Jesus Christ. The by-standers looked on them in their pride of riches and power; and on him in his poverty and helplessness. Did anyone remember the words of the prophet Samuel spoken eleven hundred years before?—"The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Paul's life was in the hands of Felix. Would he dare to reprove him and his wife of sin, and plainly tell them of judgment to come? Did he not fear that the governor would become angry and send him back to prison for severer punishment? This did not keep him from speaking boldly and plainly the truth of God, whose minister he was.

"No more he feels upon his high raised arm
The ponderous chain, than does the playful child
The bracelet, form'd of many a flowery link.
Heedless of self, forgetful that his life
Is now to be defended by his words,
He only thinks of doing good to them
That seek his life."

For a few moments "Felix trembled," as his guilty conscience troubled him. But he tried to hush it and to drive away serious thoughts, saying to Paul, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." He did send for him often, but not to have Paul teach him about Jesus and how his sins could be forgiven and how his conscience could be at peace. He hoped that in some way, perhaps through the Christians in Cæsarea, Paul might secure money and pay Felix for his release. Paul,

refusing this, was kept in prison two years longer. Yet he was probably allowed to see his friends. When the Christians in Cæsarea wept over his going to Jerusalem, they little thought that he would so soon return to them, that they could be a comfort to him in his loneliness, and he be their comforter and teacher so long. Timothy was a frequent visitor ever welcome; so was "Philip the Evangelist" and his four pious daughters; and so Cornelius the Centurion rejoicing to hear from Paul in prison the same gospel he had heard from Peter in his own house. It is supposed that Luke the beloved physician was much with him, writing his gospel.

It was during this time that Felix ordered the cruel massacre of Jews living in Syria. Why Paul was allowed to escape we do not know, but we do know that God had plans for him. Felix was hated for his massacre and other crimes, and could no longer be trusted as a governor; so he was recalled by the emperor of Rome. Before leaving Cæsarea he might have released Paul whom he had unjustly kept in prison so long, still hated by his accusers. But he wished to do something to lessen their hatred to himself. So "Felix, willing to do the Jews a pleasure, left Paul bound." How strange a "pleasure"! and what a cruel deed!

Festus became governor in place of Felix. He was more just and honorable. Soon after arriving in Cæsarea, he visited Jerusalem. Immediately the chief priests and others asked him to let Paul be brought to Jerusalem for trial before the Sanhedrin. Their real purpose was to have him murdered on the way. Festus refused their request and told them that if they had anything to say against him they must do it in Cæsarea, meeting him face to face. So they followed Festus to Cæsarea where there was another trial.

Festus soon saw that they were accusing Paul of religious matters with which he as a Roman governor had nothing to do. The prisoner had done nothing worthy of death. They proved nothing against him, yet to satisfy them, he proposed to Paul to go to Jerusalem and be there tried before the Sanhedrin. He promised to go himself and see that there was a fair trial. Paul understood what Festus did not, that going to Jerusalem would be his destruction. He addressed him in words like these: "I am a Roman citizen, and have a right to be judged by Roman law. You

know full well, O Festus, that I have not wronged the Jews in the least. If I am found guilty of any crime against the Roman law worthy of death, I will not refuse to die. But you know I have a right to be tried before the emperor in Rome." Then he suddenly exclaimed, "I appeal to Cæsar."

Festus was surprised, and not altogether pleased to have it appear that Paul could not have justice in his court; but he could not dispute Paul's right to be tried before the emperor and in the Roman capital. So he answered, "Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar? Unto Cæsar shalt thou go."

That appeal not only changed the place of trial from Cæsarea to Rome, but the whole of Paul's future. It was the first link in a long chain of events relating to him and the Church of God. He had longed to preach the gospel in Rome, but had not been able. Now he saw by what way God would lead him there.

Within a day or two after Paul's appeal, Festus had a visit from King Agrippa II., and his sister Bernice. Festus told him of the troublesome case of Paul his prisoner. It could not be hoped that such a man as Agrippa would have any sympathy for Paul, or care for Jesus whom Paul preached. His great grandfather Herod had been the murderer of the innocent children to destroy the infant Jesus. His great uncle Antipas had beheaded John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus. His father, Agrippa I., had executed James, an Apostle of Jesus.

Festus told Agrippa how Paul was hated by the Jews because he preached about Jesus who was dead, whom Paul said was alive; and that he had appealed to Cæsar. "Then Agrippa said unto Festus, I would also hear the man myself. To-morrow, said he, thou shalt hear him." And so he did.

The place of meeting was not the court room containing the judgment seat, but a drawing-room in the palace. The occasion was one of grand display for Festus and his noted guest. The company consisted of Jews and Gentiles, chief officers of the army, and the aristocracy of Cæsarea. We can imagine the scene. Festus and his officers wore their bright scarlet military cloaks. We are told expressly that Agrippa and Bernice came "with great pomp," which would mean with his purple robes and her dazzling jewels and golden head-band, and with their attendants in gor-

geous dress. For the royal personages there were gilded chairs, behind which stood the lictars and body guard with their military arms.

Amid all this vain show Agrippa might have had solemn reflections, remembering how his proud father sixteen years before had come "with great pomp" into the neighboring theater with his royal silver robes glittering in the sun until he was smitten with death when the people shouted that he was a god.

In our record of that event, it was suggested that Paul may have witnessed the scene. If so he must have remembered it, though Agrippa did not. He must also have remembered another—that in Damascus when the Lord said to Ananias concerning Paul, "He shall stand before kings." As he is now led before them, pale from his long confinement, hated by some and ridiculed by others, friendless and powerless, our pity and indignation are kindled; but there rings in his ears his Lord's promise made in a vision, "I will be with thee." Though the lictors behind the royal chairs reminded him of those in Philippi, though the chain that bound him to his guard told of shame and captivity, he was the noblest Roman, the noblest man of them all, because he was the Lord's freeman and the Lord's nobleman.

Such he proved himself to be when "Agrippa said to Paul, "Thou art permitted to speak for thyself." "He stretched forth his hand." Did the clanking of his chains strangely mingle with his own voice?—that voice now calm and earnest and solemn in which "he answered for himself." He told the story of his own life; how he had persecuted the friends of Jesus, shutting them up in prison and aiding in their death; how he saw a light from heaven and heard the voice of Jesus and obeyed his call to preach salvation to the Gentiles; how for doing this the Jews hated him and persecuted him though he preached only what Moses and their other prophets said concerning Jesus "that Messiah should suffer and that he should be the first to rise from the dead, and should show light to the House of Israel and also to the Gentiles."

Thus far Festus had listened in silence, though as Paul spake he became more and more excited until, interrupting the speech he exclaimed, "Paul, thou art mad—an insane man believing things that are neither true nor wise." Paul calmly replied, "I am not

mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness."

Turning to Agrippa, Paul said, "King Agrippa, dost thou believe the prophets? I know that thou believest." The king answered in respectful words, but his manner had something of playfulness and contempt: "You are trying to persuade me to become a Christian." Paul answered him as if he had spoken in earnest. Holding up his hands heavy with chains he said, "I would to God that not only thou but all that hear me this day were both almost and altogether such as I am except these bonds."

What a declaration! It is as if he had said, "Though I am a prisoner in bonds unjustly treated here, with dark prospects before me, not knowing how I shall be treated in Rome, I am better off and happier than you."

Neither Festus nor Agrippa wanted to hear any more. Their curiosity was satisfied. They did not care to hear the truth. So the scene ended, and Paul was led back to his gloomy prison to stay till some passing ship should receive him and, beneath the bright blue sky, bear him over the Mediterranean to the city of which he had once said, without knowing when or how he could go thither—"I must see Rome."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SHIPWRECK.

The Apostle Prisoner—Julius—Paul's Ship—Companions—Sidon—Contrary Winds—Passing Cilicia—Myra—Historic Vessel—Cnidus and Crete—Paul's Warning—Storm and Danger—Clauda—Leaking Ship—Hope Lost—Praying Passenger—Subject for a Painter—A Prisoner a Prophet—The Angel of the Ship—The Lord of the Sea—Human Lives a Gift to Paul—Dark Days and Nights—Breakers—Sailors' Selfish Plan—Paul's Protest—His Cheerful Assurance and Example—Unknown Land—Shattered Ship—Prisoners Saved for Paul's Sake.

Once more Paul is on the sea; he is sailing from Cæsarea for Rome. We might say he is beginning his fourth missionary journey. It is not so called; it was not his own planning; he was not able to direct his own way. But his spirit and purpose were the same, to preach the gospel wherever he went, and in whatever circumstances. Paul the prisoner, sailing from Cæsarea, was no less Paul the Apostle than when he sailed from Seleucia on his

first journey. The same Holy Spirit which separated him from other Christians for apostolic work was with him still. Paul had planned a journey to Rome: he was apparently defeated in his purpose. But a wiser than he formed his plan anew, sure of accomplishment.

Paul was in charge of a Roman officer named Julius, an honorable, just and kind man. He had probably heard Paul's address before Agrippa, and perhaps had become acquainted with him, and discovered something of his goodness and greatness. Such impressions were deepened on the voyage.

It was the month of August. The season for safe navigation was nearly closed. The vessel was no palace steamer. Like the Greek and Roman ships of that day, it was rudely built and rigged: having one large mast, through whose head passed strong ropes; and one large sail. It was steered by two paddle-rudders. Easily strained and exposed to leakage, it was in danger of foundering; the way in which many ancient vessels were lost. Ropes were carried for binding the hull when weakened by storm. On the prow was a painted eye, as if seeking direction and watching against danger. Its ornaments were figures of heathen divinities, to whom idolatrous and superstitious sailors looked for protection.

On such a vessel was Paul and other prisoners with Julius the commanding officer, soldiers, sailors and passengers. Two of Paul's old companions were with him, possibly fellow-prisoners. One was Luke, and the other Aristarchus.

Leaving Cæsarea, the vessel with a fair wind reached Sidon, sixty-seven miles distant, the next day. From its coast many had gone afar to hear Jesus for whom Paul was now a prisoner. To it Jesus himself had come and rewarded the faith of a Gentile mother by healing her afflicted daughter. Here "Julius treated Paul kindly and gave him leave to go unto his friends to refresh himself." Two years of prison life and fare affected his already shattered health. It is not likely that he had the comforts and necessities of a long voyage. His call at Sidon gave opportunity for both spiritual and bodily refreshments.

On leaving Sidon, the experience of Paul and his company was like that of the disciples on the sea of Galilee—"the winds were contrary." The direct course to Asia Minor, whither the ves-

sel was bound, was that of Paul two years before, near the southern coast of Cyprus; but the opposing wind drove them around the eastern and northern sides. Paul could not forget his journey over the same waters with Barnabas. Passing under the mountains of Cilicia, gazing for the last time on their loftiest peaks, what memory he had of Tarsus on the plain below, and of perils in the fastnesses almost within his view. The vessel passed Perga and Attaleia, of which we already know, and anchored for the first time since leaving Sidon, at the port of Myra, an excellent harbor situated at the opening of a wonderful mountain gorge. Here was a large wheat-ship from Alexandria bound for Italy. This seems a roundabout way of passing from Egypt to Italy, but we must remember that mariners did not then have the modern compass, and depended very much on the coast high-lands to show them the way. That Alexandrian vessel was to become historic, because of one of the two hundred and seventy-six persons it carried, and he one of the prisoners whom Julius transferred to it.

Leaving Myra, either calms or another contrary wind hindered their progress, so that it required many days of weariness and discomfort to sail one hundred and thirty miles to Cnidus. passing under the island of Crete, the vessel "came unto a place which is called The Fair Havens," even to this day.

"Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous, Paul admonished them and said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of lading and ship, but also of our lives." Paul knew by experience much about the perils of the sea; and they soon learned the wisdom of his judgment. But the master of the vessel, and the owner who was on board, thought they knew more than he, and the centurion believed them rather than Paul. So weighing anchor, with a fair breeze, forgetful of the past and careless of the future, perhaps laughing at Paul as a poor sailor, the journey was continued. But without a moment's warning, all was changed. Down from the mountains of Crete rushed a most violent wind which struck the ship and whirled it around. The helmsman and his rudder were powerless. The sea was in commotion. The vessel was tossed upon it and driven before the gale.

Running under a certain island which is called Claudia, where

the wind was not so fierce and the water was smoother, the sailors with great difficulty hoisted the small boat which had been in tow; and then passed the ropes around the vessel to prevent if possible leakage and foundering; and then arranged the sails as sailors do when they call a ship lying-to. Thus it drifted from Clauda thirty-six miles in twenty-four hours. The storm continued, increasing in violence. On the day after they left Clauda the vessel probably began to leak, notwithstanding the binding by the ropes, and so "they began to lighten the ship" by throwing overboard the heavy things that were the least necessary. Luke says "the third day we"—sailors and passengers—"cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship."

— Then followed many days of fruitless labor and fatigue with increasing anxiety and confusion. Adding to the terror of the scene was a cloudy sky in which "neither sun nor stars in many days appeared." The mariners could not watch the stars to guide their way. They were in constant fear of a dangerous coast. The leaking continued. Luke's brief, sad record is in these words: "All hope that we should be saved was then taken away." Even he shared in the hopeless feeling. Without regular food—and what they had probably in a spoiled condition—drenched and cold, despair seized the whole company. But there was one exception—that was Paul. While others were yielding to it, he was engaged in earnest prayer. Neither discomfort nor danger, nor opposition to his counsels, nor these combined could disturb his calmness which was so unlike the fear and anguish about him. There was a great contrast between the reeling ship and his firmness; between the darkness, and the heavenly light within him; between bodily weakness, and spiritual strength; between the despairing cries about him, and his calm voice; between the painted eye on the ship's prow, and the All-seeing eye upon him; between the ornamental images of powerless, false gods, and the Almighty Ruler over all.

Has any painter ever attempted the sublime scene on the Mediterranean suggested by these few words—"Paul stood forth in the midst of them." He first reproved those who had despised his counsel—now shown to have been wise—and thus endangered the lives of all. With dignified tone and manner he cried out,

"Sirs, you should have hearkened unto me." But immediately he had a word for all, "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer." All must have thought this very strange. They saw nothing that gave promise of good cheer. They were no more ready to heed his exhortation than they had been his advice. He assured them that there would be no loss of any man's life, though there would be of the ship. His confidence must have startled them. Perhaps it inspired a little hope even against hope. But what reason could be given for so bold a declaration? One little word—"For"—confirmed it, as he continued, "There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve."

Now, as they contrasted his calmness with the storm and their own terror, they could understand the reason therefor; it was his confidence in God. We may think of Paul as having talked of the true God during the voyage as the One whom he served. With what close attention they listened to what the angel had said—"Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar." "Fear not"—so said Jesus to the Twelve in another storm. So had he spoken in a vision to Paul in Corinth. So in Jerusalem had "the Lord stood by him and said, Be of good cheer, Paul; for thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou also bear witness at Rome." The astonished ship's company was now prepared to believe that Paul was in communication with One greater than Cæsar, and must be an innocent man.

But the angel had not spoken of Paul only, he had given him the authority to declare the safety of others in these words: "Lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." His prayer had not been for himself only. There would have been little satisfaction in his being saved while witnessing the death of all the rest.

Again he bade them be of good cheer, giving as the reason, "I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me." While the vessel was tossed on the billows helpless and forlorn, Paul had the assurance of the Psalmist when he declared, "The Lord sitteth on the floods, yea the Lord sitteth king forever." Their angry noise did not trouble him. He could say, "Though the waters roar and be troubled, the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." His heart was

fixed trusting in God because he could say, "I believe him." Paul also uttered a prophecy which, when fulfilled, would confirm all he said: it was this—"We must be cast upon a certain island."

The prisoner became more than captain or owner or steersman or centurion. In God's sight he was *the* person on that vessel: all others were only sailing with him. Their lives were a gift to him. Were not some souls also given to be his joy and crown long after his journey of life was ended?

The gale continued. Each of fourteen dark days was followed by a darker night, during which the vessel was "driven up and down in Adria." At the last midnight, the practiced ear of the sailors distinguished the sound of breakers from the other sounds of the storm. By the sounding-lead they found the lessening depth of the sea and knew that the land was near. They anchored the ship and "looked anxiously for the day." Then they saw the certain island of which the angel told Paul. The sailors anxious, selfish, unmanly and deceitful, made an attempt to save themselves by lowering the small boat, pretending that they were attending to the anchors. Paul's quick eye and thought detected their purpose to escape. He knew their help was needed. So he exclaimed to the soldiers and centurion, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." The soldiers immediately completed the work the sailors had begun, by cutting the ropes to the little boat which dropped into the sea and drifted away in the darkness, without the disappointed crew. The gray dawn of the morning revealed how near destruction the ship's company had been. Paul's assurances had not quite overcome their terror. Cold and wet, hungry and fatigued and fearful, they were a sad sight. While the day was coming on Paul again stood forth. He spoke of their long fasting and enfeebled condition, and of their need of food—however unsavory it might have become in the leaking ship. He repeated his assurance of final safety by saying, "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you." Taking bread and giving thanks to God, in whom he believed and whom he served, he began to eat. With the good cheer to which he had twice exhorted them, they followed his example. They then lightened the vessel by casting out the cargo of wheat, doubtless water-soaked and useless.

At last they were cheered by the sight of land, though they knew not its name. Discovering a creek, they purposed to enter it and land on the sandy beach. The foresail was set, the anchors taken up, the rudder bands loosened, and the vessel moved. But the forepart was stuck fast in a sand bank concealed by the waves. Opposing currents struck the hinder part, which was driven to pieces by the violence of the billows. In a few minutes, Paul's word had come true that there should be the loss of the ship.

The soldiers saw that they could reach the land. So could the prisoners. If they escaped the soldiers would be severely punished by Roman authority. So they proposed to kill all the prisoners, thus dyeing the waters dashing over the breaking ship with blood of those who had helped to save them from drowning. "But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose." Once more could be said to Paul, "Lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." The centurion gave orders that all the soldiers who could, should plunge into the water and swim to the shore. Not only they, but all escaped safe to land. From Paul's fourth shipwreck he was saved.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEYOND THE CITY.

Beyond the city's busy hum,
 Beyond its want, its sin and care,
 I linger at the set of sun,
 And feel that God is nearer there.
 Beyond the city where the hay,
 Newmown, with fragrance fills the
 breeze,
 That from my brow drives care away,
 And ends in song among the trees.
 Salt Lake City, Utah.

Beyond the city and its toil,
 It makes my heart forget its pain,
 To watch the farmer till the soil,
 Or gather in the ripened grain.
 Beyond the city! That is where,
 I fain would rest when life is done,
 Within the shadow of the hills,
 Until he comes—the Holy One.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

THE GODDESS OF SONG.

(For the Improvement Era.)

1.

The goddess of song is ruled out of existence
By princes of progress and modern display;
She aids not our life, but she offers resistance
To all our great interests of profit and pay.

2.

She once was a creature of beauty and glory,
And had sweet communion with angels above;
But gone are those days and forgotten the story
That taught man her mission of mercy and love.

3.

The loftiest peaks of the mountain of learning
The goddess of song has inspired men to scale;
And when from those bleak, icy crags he was turning,
She taught him that courage and toil would prevail.

4.

This friend of the world was received so unkindly,
While calling the soul to her lofty ideal,
That man in his sorrow must wander on blindly
In search of the truths that she came to reveal.

5.

Her concordant tones will again be heard ringing;
The scorn of the world cannot stifle her voice;
Her anthems of love she again will be singing,
And men in her presence again will rejoice.

6.

Our Miltons may die and our Shakespeares may perish,
But music divine is the heart-throb of life—
A pulse that the whole world will yet learn to cherish,
For concord must reign o'er the kingdoms of strife.

7.

We'll gaze on the forms of her future creations—
They'll shine with a splendor that age will increase—
She'll build her a home with the friends of the nations,
And conquer the world with her ballads of peace.

ALFRED OSMOND.

Provo, Utah.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF INDIVIDUALITY IN CHILDREN.

BY ALICE PEET-BISHOP.

“A child left to itself bringeth his mother to shame,” but when from babyhood the home training has been to make that child industrious, self-controlled, and self-reliant, there is all along great need of the proper understanding of a new proverb,—“A child never left to his own devices bringeth his individuality to shame.”

No one can deny that the wheel of fortune is ever rolling round, taking those who are at the top today, to the bottom in about the second or third generation. One of the strongest factors in producing this state of things is, that honest poverty is ambitious to better its condition. This ambition develops industry and self-denying qualities which are usually rewarded with most of the good things of life. While on the other hand, a child “born with a silver spoon in its mouth,” with nurses to feed it, and dress it, to be within call to open sticking doors and untangle hard knots, can not, under the circumstances, develop that individuality, that inventive genius, that pleasure in overcoming obstacles, that “stick-to-it-ive-ness,” which makes him study out the causes of failure, and, by amending his processes, keep on trying until he succeeds. In this connection I quote from the school hand book of Henry Siglar, who desires to take boys from wealthy homes at the age of eight years. He says,

A rich man cannot provide at home the conditions in which his son shall grow strong and active in body and mind, energetic and well directed, his capabilities made the best of, his pleasure got to furnish the impulse to self-improvement. He cannot, because he does not know how; because he is busy; because his whole occupation hinders; because the easy home-life that is right for himself is

wrong for the boy, too soft; because the social life that is right for the mother and elder sisters is wrong for the boy, distracting; because the whole environment and spirit of the family of a man who has achieved his purpose in the world as to fortune, is hostile to that sturdy industry and persistent faithfulness which are necessary to the boy, if he is to become as capable a man as his father.

Some instances of how much children can accomplish, when they must go without or get what they desire by their own ingenuity, may be fitting just here.

A five-year-old boy was trying to get a bridle on his horse. The animal was gentle, but its horse sense sized up the height of the little man, and would not lower its head. I stopped and watched, hoping in my inmost heart that the boy would outgeneral the horse. This he did, by getting on the back of the beast, where he looked about as large as a bird, and, crawling out on the neck, he contrived, in his own way, to accomplish what he started out to do, and I had the satisfaction of seeing him ride off a conqueror. It would have been an unkindness for any one to have gone to his help. One of the important inventions of our present steam engines was made by a small boy, who was left by himself all day, to pull open the stop cock for the escape of the steam, every time a wheel went round.

It was tedious work for the little fellow,—and he tied on strings and worked it alternately with his hands, his feet, his teeth, and even with his waist. At last he discovered that he could attach it, with a wire, to a moving part of the gearing, and the machine would run itself.

Imagine the pleasure that little chap took in all this contriving, and the joy he felt in his discovery. I can see his eyes, black, or blue, or brown, or gray, fired with a new light.

Do you think he stopped right there or went on contriving?

From *The Gem*, I quote the following:

James Watt sat in the chimney corner, waiting for his supper. His grandmother said to him, "James Watt, I never saw such an idle young fellow as you are; do take a book and employ yourself usefully. For the last half-hour you have not spoken a single word. Do you know what you have been doing all this time? Why, you have taken off and replaced, and taken off again, the teapot lid, and you have held in the steam, first a saucer and then a spoon, and you have busied yourself in examining and collecting the little drops. Now, are you not ashamed to waste your time in this disgraceful manner?"

To that little boy, whose grandmother failed to tell him how he could employ his time to better advantage, the world is indebted for the discovery of the power there is in steam.

Ah! these little boys needed no other help from the old folks, than to be left alone to follow the promptings of their own busy brains.

Some years ago a lady sent her son to a friend, in Nashville, Tennessee, with the request that the latter would assist the young man in finding a clerkship.

On returning home, after the first day's fruitless search, they found a caller, who, when he had heard of their wearisome tramp, asked,

"Why do you prefer clerking to any other employment?"

"I do not prefer it, but my mother thinks it will be a nice business for me."

"And have you no choice?"

After a little hesitation the young man said, "I have never liked the idea of clerking, but my mother thinks I will learn to like it."

"Is there any one business you think you would like above all others?"

The young man showed confusion and did not answer.

"Come! Come! young man, out with it! You see there is a poor chance to get a clerkship, and if you want to work, be honest and tell us what you would enjoy."

"I am ashamed to tell you, for mother thinks my taste degraded, but, from my boyhood, I have hung around blacksmith shops, and, when they would let me, I have helped, often neglecting some duty to work there for nothing, because the yielding iron had a fascination for me."

"Come to my office at nine tomorrow morning," said the caller.

Morning saw the young man and the yesterday's caller talking with the head blacksmith of the railroad shops.

"This young man wants to learn to be a blacksmith. Will you try him for a month without wages? I will board him. Then we will ask for wages, if he can earn them."

In a very few years from that day, this same young man, by being allowed to dirty his hands in a business for which nature had

fitted him, became the superintendent of the works, at a salary of five thousand dollars a year.

The mother had done a grand work in bringing him up to have character enough to be able to grow into such a place, but it would have been a life's mistake if that son had been denied the opportunity of working in iron.

"For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith, been held in repute by the people."

The mother's fear of "dirty work," or of hay seed in the hair, or machine grease on the hands of her son, has helped many a young man to get the seeds of an evil habit in his brain, and a worse than work-grime in his heart.

If the mother trains her boy to be all right within, the hay seed will brush out of the hair, and the grease will wash off the outer man, but sin seed will not brush out of the brain, and the scars of soul-grime can never be wholly cleansed, though washed over and over again by the hot tears of repentance.

Several evils are fastened upon our children by the social and school systems of today. Any person, old or young, who has all his working hours filled full, fuller, fullest, of work, cut out, laid out or planned out for him, must work like a machine, and cannot develop individuality.

Any person must have time to think, to observe, to plan, to try new things, to dream, if you please, in order to have him discover what he likes best, what he can do best, and the best methods of accomplishing his best.

I have always maintained, and I must still believe, that it is wrong for any child under twelve years of age to have to take books home from school to study at night.

Six hours of study and recitation, planned by others, is enough for such years; and a child with parents not too busy to look after their offspring, is much better off, under home work, home duties, home readings, and home pleasures, than one who studies until late at night, and goes "like a quarry slave scourged" to his bed by thoughts of lessons, yet all too poorly prepared; for though conned so long by weary eyes, they can not be digested by the overworked brain.

Give any honest, unintimidated child a chance, and his inclinations will lead him to do the things he likes and can learn to do well.

I can not emphasize too strongly, the desirability of providing children with the implements and materials with which to practice.

Two girls lost their mother, at the ages of seven and nine years. There were no relatives to take the mother's place, and the father, having noted their fondness for sewing, decided he would let them open a dressmaking shop, with dolls for customers. This, he reasoned, would keep them at harmless and, at the same time, pleasant employment. He furnished all the dolls and materials asked for, and even stopped in his busy life to build doll houses for them.

The little girls studied patterns and acquired great skill in cutting and fitting, so that when they were fourteen and sixteen years old, they could make their own dresses nicely, and could fit any figure.

At the age of nineteen the older girl graduated in music, wearing a gown of her own designing and making. Among the eight young ladies in the class, no prettier costume was on the stage.

Two years later the same young lady was ambitious to design and make her own gown for a large church wedding, and, of the modiste-made gowns of the four bridesmaids, not one was more stylish than hers.

I saw a three-year-old boy driving a nail while holding it between his first and second fingers. I marvelled at the skill with which he handled the hammer and held the nail.

I discovered that he had hurt his thumb and could not use it, so, baby though he was, he contrived this way, and drove the nail as straight as a carpenter. From the time he could creep, he had been furnished tools and materials, and was allowed his own way with them.

An older brother, brought up in the same way, at the age of twenty five, was taking contracts in his own name, to build palatial houses.

Nagging over wasted materials, or hurt fingers, or waste of

time, or too much directing, might have driven all these children away from the work for which Nature had fitted them.

A mother was buying Christmas presents for her children. The boy wanted a red wheel-barrow. The mother argued that red was loud, and the natural wood-color was the proper thing. The little girl wanted a doll bedstead, with canopy top and rockers; the mother desired her to have one more modern. The children cried, but, in the tyranny of power, the toys were bought to please the forty-year-old mother instead of the little ones who were to play with them.

The teacher of drawing, in one of the large city schools of Pennsylvania, had never taken a lesson in drawing from a teacher, yet he had unusual success both as an artist and a teacher.

He requested the twelve primary teachers to set apart a few minutes each day, in which the children were told they might go to the board and make pictures.

It did not take many lessons (if we may call what the children looked upon as play, lessons), to see which were apt; and a few dots and suggestions worked wonders with some of them. I never saw as rapid advancement in any other school.

I once heard an old and very successful teacher say,

I believe I never took charge of a new school of grown up pupils where my patrons were not disappointed in me at the end of the first month. Why? Because, as far as the parents could see, the students were at a standstill. What was I doing? Teaching them to think and to rely upon themselves. To stick to a piece of work until they conquered it. To understand what they read and not pollparrot through a problem, or over scientific terms, and so go on, lame, and deaf, and blind to what the author intended to teach.

Then, when the joy of discovering the meaning and intelligently applying the terms, came upon them, what a change of feeling in them and their parents!

Parents and teachers might as well eat the child's meals and expect his body to grow strong therefrom, as to do his work, to help him step by step, and expect his mind to grow strong.

The story is told of a man who wagered that, at the end of two years, he could carry an ox over a certain set of steps; he began that day by carrying a young calf over the steps, and keeping this up daily, for two years, he won the wager as well as great strength.

Mothers, spend much time with your children. Be patient

with them, study them, play with them, read with them, pray with them; and then place them and yourselves in the hands of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, and "He will give His angels charge concerning" these lives of your life, and in the end your glad ears shall hear, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE CONTRAST.

BY ALFRED OSMOND, PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY.

(For the Improvement Era)

Love swept with his passion-fingers
The harp of a maiden's life;
But no music of joy now lingers
In the soul of the weeping wife.

While fairies of life were weaving
Their crown for the mother's brow,
The serpent of sin was breathing
Distrust in the father's vow.

And the harp of her soul was playing
The dirges of faithless love,
As the cherubs of life came straying
From the realms of the stars above.

Thus the life of a trusting maiden
Was ruined and cast away,
Till, in madness, it sought that Aiden
Where honor and truth bear sway.

Provo, Utah.

Love swept with his passion-fingers
The harp of a maiden's life,
And the music of joy still lingers
In the soul of the trusting wife.

Soon the fairies of life were weaving
Their crown for the mother's brow,
Till the sigh of her infant's breathing
Was as sweet as her lover's vow.

And the harp of her soul was playing
The airs of an ardent love,
As the cherubs of life came straying
From the realms of the stars above.

Thus the life of this noble mother,
Enriched with its years of bliss,
Advanced to the realms of another
That is sweeter by far than this.

VOYAGE OF THE SHIP "BROOKLYN."

BY HON. JOHN M. HORNER.

II.

I have stated the object for which the ship *Brooklyn* Saints sailed from New York, so far as now and then we understood it; and briefly some of the incidents of the voyage, and as far as my memory serves me, after a lapse of nearly sixty years. We come now to the question, "What has been some of the results?" We claim that the ship *Brooklyn* Saints were the first to introduce civilized agriculture into California. They were the first to introduce and use the modern mould-board plow; the first cradle for cutting grain; the first mowing machine, and the first reaping and thrashing machines ever used in California. Although we did not share the pleasure of feeding the Church pioneers who remained at Salt Lake, we did feed scores and thousands of gold hunters—who flocked to California by sea and land from all countries, in 1849, and in after years—with potatoes, cabbages, tomatoes, onions, beets, turnips, and other vegetables, which were not within their reach, for love or money, only from the *Brooklyn* passengers, during the four years following 1848. There were no others in the farming business to effect anything, until after those dates.

It may also be claimed that the *Brooklyn* Saints proved to be in the van of the Pacific missionaries, and they did for a time slightly assist them in going and returning.

Of course, we claim also that their coming to California had something to do with the discovery of gold, and with starting up the settlement of the territory of California to be the noted state it now is. Only for the discovery of gold, there is no assurance that California would be now more than a territory.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 was without a doubt work directed of the Great Father, and he used so many instruments to effect it that no one person can claim to be the whole cause.

Even the "Mormon" Church can scarcely claim it; since, if the Church had not been driven out of civilization, a long time must have slipped away before it could have reached Utah. No ship *Brooklyn* emigrants would have been sent to farm in California, then a Mexican territory, and it is doubtful if the "Mormon" Battalion would have been enlisted. These are only the fruits of my fertile imagination. The facts are, the Church *was driven out*. The Battalion boys were *enlisted*. The *Brooklyn* emigrants were sent to California to farm, gold was discovered, California was raised to a prosperous state by agriculture, and mine production, from various discoveries in its territory.

Surely the people of the Church were chosen and made the honored instruments by the Great I Am to discover gold in California and to commence the greater blessing to man that came by reclaiming the deserts and making them fruitful and habitable. President Brigham Young and his counselors were the principal instruments chosen by the Great One to council, guide and lead his Church. Brigham began by sending the *Brooklyn* Saints to California. He counseled, encouraged, and assisted in the enlisting of the "Mormon" Battalion boys, who were sent to California, where they arrived in good time.

Brigham gave direction to Mr. Samuel Brannan, the leader of the *Brooklyn* Saints, before he left New York, to go east from California, in the spring of 1847, on the overland trail, until he should meet the Church pioneers. He did so, and met them near Salt Lake, with Brigham Young at their head. Brannan reported that he had filled the mission given him by President Young in New York. He had taken the *Brooklyn* emigrants to California, and came overland and met the Church pioneers as directed, with President Young leading. The President gave him a message to deliver to the Battalion boys, when he should meet them on his return to California, to the effect that none must come to headquarters if he did not have enough provisions to last a certain number of months, or words to that effect. The message was delivered.

The boys halted. A part went on, and a part returned to recruit their larders. This obedience to the President's direction led to the first discovery of gold in California, and to promptly advancing its territory to the great state we now behold it.

President Young, leading the Church into the wilderness, as he was guided and directed by the Great One, proved to be the first Church leader of any sect who ever led or taught the people to redeem the desert and make it blossom as the rose, and to yield wealth for sustaining both man and beast.

Truth points to the fact that the "Mormon" Church, with Brigham Young at its head, was the instrument used by the Great One to discover gold to the world in California in 1848. This led to others; in fact, the whole world has awakened to a hunt for gold, silver, and other metals, and much has been discovered.

President Young sent out the "Mormon" emigrants around Cape Horn, and the Battalion boys across the country to California, in 1846, and gave them directions what to do after their arrival. It was the obeying of those directions that caused discovery of gold in 1848.

President Young led the Church pioneers to eastern California—now Utah—in 1847. He led and directed it many years, as he was guided by the Great Father, and succeeded in convincing the people of our country and their government that the great American desert could be reclaimed and made a suitable country for man to dwell in, and the government has now enacted the irrigation law to assist in its redemption.

President Roosevelt, while speaking upon the subject in the "Mormon" Tabernacle, in Salt Lake City, said, "But for you, the irrigation law could not have been enacted."

This no doubt referred to the "Mormon" people, as it was well known they had built the dams, dug the ditches, done the irrigating; planted, cultivated, gathered the crops, made improvements, and made the country prosperous for years, without assistance or sympathy from the outside. So it seems that the people of these states should thank the Great Father for sending the "Mormons" to discover the gold, and to redeem the deserts, which has made this country so much more prosperous than was possible without these discoveries and improvements; and for these great blessings

the diligent "Mormons" should be commended and encouraged to go ahead—as Canada and Mexico have encouraged them—and build up the waste places, make the desert fruitful, improve the country, make other valuable discoveries, etc., that peace on earth and good will to man may prevail.

Paילו, Hawaii

(THE END.)

THE POET'S MISSION.

(For the Improvement Era.)

"What shall I write?" I asked the Muse.
She answered low and sweetly:
"From ev'ry inspiration choose,
Interpret it discreetly.

"The song birds ev'ry year return
To sing again their chorus;
Though oft we hear, we cannot spurn
The music floating o'er us.

"If thou canst, sing a low, sweet song
Like one the finch is singing;
Though but a voice within the throng
It swells the chorus ringing.

" 'Tis not the loudest singing bird
That has the greatest mission,
The low, sweet song, less often heard,
Yet makes one pause and listen.

Payson, Utah.

"So let thy words attune the heart,
That from them it may borrow
Some joy of life, to ease the smart
Of some one's deepest sorrow.

"So let thy faith bring happy things
That faith is ever bearing;
And let thy hope bring offerings
Of hope to the despairing.

"So let thy charity assuage
The failings of a brother.
And let thy love bring heritage
Of love for one another.

"The thoughts that live in after years,
The sentiment that lingers,
The songs that move the heart to tears,
Were sung by humble singers."

J. L. TOWNSEND.

ANOTHER FULFILMENT OF THE ANGEL'S PROPHECY.

BY LYDIA D. ALDER.

The grand banquet is over. It was the last social function of the great Quinquennial Congress, held in Berlin, 1904, which, amid the wildest applause, at the fall of the gavel, had closed at noon on that day.

Seated at the long tables, spread with the bounties and delicacies of earth, hundreds had fared sumptuously. Among the guests were some of the most noted of the Kaiser's land, as well as many from lands afar. It was a feast of reason and a flow of soul; toasts had been given, and speeches made; some dwelt on the past, others prophesied of the future, but all were happy on this most auspicious occasion.

The building was ablaze with light; mottoes of welcome, banners and bunting were displayed on every side. As the gay assemblage re-entered the reception hall, made beautiful by the fountain's foamy spray falling over the banks of roses, mosses and palms, with the varied light being thrown over all, changing the colors to amber, green, purple or gold,—the band was playing enchanting strains of music, the whole combining in beauty, suggesting some gorgeous scene in fairyland.

Promenading two and fro were the distinguished guests of the Fatherland, chatting or laughing at some witty speech or jest.

When near the fountain, under the changing, glorious light, the writer was addressed by a German lady, who, as an officer of the Congress had done much towards its great success. "Oh," she said, "I am so glad to see you! Would you mind remaining here a few minutes? my niece is so desirous to meet a 'Mormon.'"

On being assured that it would be a pleasure to wait, the lady went for her niece.

Handsome, stately men, some wearing the golden chain and locket, bearing a raised profile of the emperor, which also denoted them officials of imperial Berlin, (this was an official affair) passed by, with exquisitely groomed ladies leaning on their arms. Some were dressed decolette, others partially so, but all wore glittering jewels.

Then came Berlin's mayor, with his charming wife. She wore a costly gown of some white, soft fabric, all embroidered with gold. Her train swept its great length along, spreading wide as she passed. Her bodice literally blazed with diamonds. They were brilliant in her hair, on her neck, her hands and arms; one was almost bewildered by the dazzling splendor, as she coquettishly waved her fan. Even in that throng, some stood a moment to gaze upon this conspicuous pair.

"Oh, here you are, allow me to introduce my niece."

A little, dark-eyed lady met my gaze. She appeared thoughtful, though quite vivacious. Immediately she said, "Oh, I have wanted to see you; auntie has told me so much of you, and I wanted to know, why you went to Utah, and about your boy prophet."

Only too pleased, the writer answered her questions, which, of course, included the story of the visit of the angel Moroni to Joseph Smith, and the persecutions he endured for telling of his vision, which ended in the Saints being driven from Nauvoo, and the forced march across the western wilds.

Very attentively the ladies listened, occasionally asking a question. Then, sympathetically, the younger lady exclaimed, "O how sad! But I am so glad I have seen you, and shall always remember our meeting this evening." With a-mutual wish that we might meet again, we parted after a warm clasp of hands.

Strains of Tannhauser, sounding from afar, were softly wafting among the banks of flowers, as another lady approached. We had met a day or two before, at a reception given by herself. After a warm German greeting, which is so near to the heart, she asked, "Will you remain in Berlin, now the Congress is over?"

On being answered in the affirmative, she said, "Will you come to my home? I will send you a card. I would hear more of your religion and about your prophet."

O how gladly the invitation was accepted, and assuring her the promised visit, we parted. Standing there a moment, my eyes rested upon the throng, resplendent with the wealth of Babylon. All at once the thought came, "Isn't it strange, that those questions about the prophet should be asked and answered in a gathering like this?"

My heart was filled with emotion. I thrilled from the tips of my fingers through every fiber of my being! The prophesy was again fulfilled. Moroni had said to him nearly a century ago, "Your name shall be had for good and evil among all nations, and kindreds and tongues; and be both good and evil spoken of among all people."

Who would have thought that even here, in the midst of one of the grandest scenes that the heart of man could conceive, with brilliance, light and music, wealth and splendor all around, the story of the great prophet of the nineteenth century should be enquired after and told. The scene to me was changed, as it were, in an instant, and Moroni, in his loose robe of most excellent whiteness, his naked feet and ankles, his countenance like lightning and his person glorious beyond description, was revealed to view. Earthly splendor from my mind faded away. Across the restless sea, a boy was kneeling in the dark, green woods, breathing a simple prayer. The gates of heaven were opened; he saw the Father and the Son!

Gratitude then overcame all my other emotions: gratitude for the gospel, for a knowledge of its truth, and for a being on the earth in the day in which it was revealed. Melted almost to tears, I felt grateful to be a chosen instrument to declare it here, in the house that Lehi saw, with its glittering spires, and inmates clothed in purple and fine linen, as well as in other places to those in humbler walks of life, and I gave thanks to God.

Though the scenes described are past, yet, blended with their grandeur, forever will their memory live; and with it the knowledge of witnessing another fulfilment of the prophecy of the Angel Moroni to Joseph the Prophet, on that night of September 23, 1823: "God has a work for you to do, and your name shall be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds and tongues."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WAYWARDNESS AND ITS REMEDY.

A mother writes to the editors of the ERA a most pathetic appeal in behalf of her wayward and intemperate boy. He is bright and ambitious; but from early childhood he manifested a restlessness and a disposition to do things, and was never contented unless earning money. This disposition caused him to leave home at the age of seventeen. He was employed on a railway running out of Salt Lake. Father and mother protested, but to no purpose, "we were helpless in the matter," she says. His work led him into the society of men who gambled, drank, and used tobacco; and, of course, he fell into like evils. His actions became a source of deep sorrow and regret to his parents who have always taught their children, of which he is third in a family of ten, the gospel by precept and example. They fully realize that a temperate life causes the soul of man to be more sensitive to the operations of the Spirit of God, and enables him more easily to serve his Maker, and so taught their son.

Finally the boy left this position, for, while the environment of railway employees often brings them into serious temptations and loose company, duty still requires them to be temperate. He wandered into a neighboring state seeking employment. After a two years' absence, he returned last spring, to the home of his parents, who rejoiced to see him once again. Now let the mother tell her own story:

For several years our boy has taken no interest in the Church organizations. It seemed that all the efforts we had made along this line when he was small were fruitless. The evening before the 4th of July, he went to a neighboring town and did not return until daylight. We had planned an out to the lake for the family, as we had not all been together for some time. When the time came to awaken him, so that he could be ready to go with us, I discovered he was in a drunken stupor. While I had heard of his drinking, I had never seen him in this condition before; and, seeing *my child* lie there under the influence of liquor, his face,

and hands soiled with tobacco juice, it was worse than death to me. I could not control myself, but cried aloud in the anguish of my soul! My crying aroused him, and when I returned to the room, I found him sobbing like a child. I threw myself over him, and told him how I loved him, that I would sacrifice my life for him, if I could help him, but he felt his shame, and told me to leave him, which I did! The rest of the family went to the lake as we had planned.

All day long my heart was raised in prayer and pleading to God. The next morning, at daybreak, I went to his bedside to assure myself that he was there, and, as I stood looking at him, it seemed to me that I could sense the power that Satan had over him; that he was bound up as in a case which I could not penetrate. I just longed to lay my hands upon him, bless him, and rebuke that evil power, but I knew it would awaken him, and he would not understand. I thought, as I stood looking at him: he is my child, I gave him birth, I nursed and did for him when he was helpless, and yet now is so far from me that I cannot reach him, nor appeal to him to take the course that I know will bring happiness and success, because he is in the power of Satan! All I can do is to pray. Dear brethren, you can imagine the earnestness and sincerity of the prayer of a mother pleading for the salvation of her child. As I prayed for him, I sensed that there are many young men in the same condition, so that my sympathy was drawn out toward my sister mothers in Israel. * * * * * I was led to pray that our Father in Heaven would inspire his servants to start some movement that would reach this class of young men who are going to destruction through this *terrible curse intemperance*. The thought remained with me, and the suffering I have passed through makes me feel that I would be willing to dedicate my life to the work. Is there nothing I can do? * * * * * I realize that much is done in the Sunday Schools, and the Mutual Improvement Associations, but this class are not reached through these organizations, for they never go there. Dear brethren, I hope you understand my motive in writing to you, and that you will take this as an appeal from a mother in behalf of our wayward and intemperate boys. I realize that one soul is just as precious in the sight of God as another, and that it is not always our worst boys who fall, but often those who are the brightest and most capable of doing good.

It does not appear that as a Church we lack organizations to do this work. What with the Priesthood, the Sunday Schools, the Improvement Associations, the Primaries, the Relief Societies, Religion Classes, and other Church institutions, we seem rather over-organized than needing more. The movement that would reach these young men, therefore, must come from some one of these associations, or from all combined, and we believe that very much more can be accomplished by each of them than is now being done. However, reforming the wayward is not done in public assemblies nor by public organizations. It is an individual work that must be prosecuted privately by men and women, from these quorums and associations, who are willing and able to act as unheralded min-

isters of salvation to the wayward, in their private lives. Such ministers must penetrate the social environments of the person to be reached. They must eat, drink, play, and associate with him. They must love and be loved by him. They must rebuke his evil propensities, not so much by condemnation as by directing his energies towards the good and the right. They must develop a spirit of pride in correct self-control, and self-insistence. They must teach by example the priceless value of moral courage; they must be unselfish, and throw ambition for place and honor to the winds. They must work in the ranks unappreciated and unknown save by the very few, and their efforts must be vivified by the spirit and inspiration of the living God. Much of this work is being done by members of our Church organizations; more can and should be done.

Even then, the good that can be accomplished by missionaries and public institutions must ever remain small compared with the influence and teachings of the home. It is here, and very early in life, that proper conduct must be inculcated, and that by the love and solicitude which only fathers and mothers can exercise. But it must be firmly accompanied, in early life, with that other power which also only parents can command—authority. But wisdom must be exercised, even in home training. The activity of a child should be directed, not suppressed; the disposition to do, should be gratified by providing proper work, not destroyed by lectures on the value of inertia; and if a youth has a strong desire to earn money, legitimate avenues must be provided to satisfy this desire, which in itself is not vicious, though it may lead, as in this case, to evil endings. It is easier to prevent waywardness than to cure it. It may be prevented by judicious direction, coupled, of course, with firmness, judgment, the Spirit of God, and other virtues which a parent should strive to possess. In most cases (there are always exceptions which can neither be prevented nor cured, do what one will), waywardness can be prevented by destroying the causes, and judiciously directing the child's desires and inclinations. But once a youth is fallen into the slough of intemperance, the cure is not so easily effected except through self-effort. Without it, prayers and organizations, and outward efforts are of little avail.

As in this case, the young man himself should have some sense

of his position, duty and welfare. Look at the evil of wandering away from the endearments of your home, and the love of your parents which should bind you to their hearts, as their hearts are bound to you. You find less satisfaction among strangers! Your best feelings rebel against the dirty tobacco, and the beer, and the pernicious practices and language of vulgar men. You have still respect for the pleadings of your mother. Your heart rebels against the thought that your mother in agony and tears shall plead and pray in vain for the salvation of her child. Your mother went down into the shadow of the valley for your life. As the mother of other lives, she has fully sanctified her existence; and her last days should be rich in rest and blessings, glorified by the confidence, respect, and deference of her sons and daughters. You do not wish to stand alone across the gulf, where her mother hand cannot reach you. You wish to be near her heart for mutual comfort. And then there are brothers and sisters. Your responsibility to them is worth considering. Your influence with them must be for good. Do not these considerations appeal to your better self? Of course, they do. Then let no false pride nor the slavery of appetite separate you from such love and ties. Throw off the yoke of bondage. Come and be received gladly into the warm fellowship of the family and the Church. Set your foot upon the curse; let your better self conquer; be a man!

These are the movements, then, that we would suggest: vigorous individual missionary work by the Priesthood and by members of the auxiliary organizations, in reforming the wayward; judicious care and training in the family, and local employment, to prevent children from leaving the home during the years when they most need the guiding counsel and protecting watchcare of father and mother; and direct appeal to the honor and better natures and sentiments of the boys themselves.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Elders P. S. Williams, James Maybin, and Henry E. Bowman, Jr., writing to the ERA from Toluca, Mexico, July 30, say: "President H. S. Harris and family and many of the Saints assembled with us in a ward conference capacity at this place, where we had arrived on our farewell trip around the mission. As returning missionaries, we bore our parting testimonies to the truth of the cause for

which we have labored, expressing our appreciation for the friendship and kindness received from members and acquaintances. Eight persons were added to the fold by baptism and confirmation." A social program was rendered by the Saints and elders of the Toluca conference in appreciation of the presence and labors of their departing brethren, who say further, "We have appreciated very much the reading of the ERA, and thank you greatly for your kindness in sending it."

Miss Alice Peet Bishop, writing from Marshall, Mo., July 26, says: "Please send me several copies of your 'Articles of Faith.' People are beginning to see the slanders against Utah in a new light—a true light—and the time is coming, fast hurried on by the Smoot 'persecution,' when the 'gentile' world will be more tolerant."

A. D. Blanchard, Zurich, Switzerland, writes July 19: "The ERA has been a great help to me in my labors, and I hope to make even better use of the magazine in the future."

By letter from President Heber J. Grant, of the British mission, the ERA is favored with the following report of that mission:

Record for June, 1906.	Increase over June, 1905.
Tracts	381,443.....148,800
Books	9,499.....4,215
Conversations.....	20,184.....5,454
Strangers' houses visited.....	70,247.....26,143
Averages per elders.....	1,743-43-92.....601-17-20

The conference of the elders at Bradford, on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th of July, was a spiritual feast. President Grant writes: "We had a glorious time, and I am utterly lacking in ability to express the gratitude which I feel, because of the great blessings we all enjoyed through our conference at Bradford. I had earnestly prayed that our meeting might be successful, and had hoped for equally as good a time as we had enjoyed at London, Rotterdam and Zurich. I felt that I would be satisfied if our meetings were not quite as good as our Rotterdam and Zurich meetings; but I am pleased to say that the Lord blessed us more at Bradford than at either of the other meetings. President Baliff, of the Swiss and German mission, feels that it was an incident in his life to attend this conference. I do not know that I ever felt my own insignificance, and the magnitude of the work in which I am engaged, more than I have since our conference closed. So far as my own speaking is concerned, I have no recollection of ever having felt so much of the Spirit of the Lord as I did in the few closing minutes of my talk in our last Priesthood meeting." Concerning his visit to Scandinavia, from which he returned on the 20th of July, he writes that they had meetings with the elders in Copenhagen, Norrköping, Stockholm, Christiania, Gothenburg, Aalborg, and Aarhus. He spoke to the Saints in all these places, where they held public meetings. Brothers Clawson and Andelin, and Sister Clark gave concerts in all these places, except Gothenburg. He was pleased to know that the good Saints of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have had the chance of hearing some of our best Utah artists, and is sure that their visits to these countries will result in good.

A young missionary who requests that his name be withheld, contributes the following beautiful sketch, which contains sentiments that awaken feelings familiar to all who have been in the field:

Those were happy days. We had faith in God and took no thought of the morrow. Strangers when we met, a few short months together, sharing the common privations of the mission field, made us companions in the broadest sense of that generous word. And as we walked from plantation to plantation in the old Shenandoah Valley, or followed the winding roads of Westmoreland coast, there was silently forming a bond of friendship between our hearts that was to lend ballast to our lives in later years, and bless us with an affection that sought only to serve. That was years ago, but tucked carefully away in a corner of my soul that has never grown dark or cobwebby, I carry the memory of those days ever fresh and tender, and especially the last day we spent together in that romantic old country.

Roy had just been released, and was going north on his way home to visit relatives. As he was in no particular hurry, and as the cheapest mode of travel was by water, he decided to go down the James to Norfolk, and then take one of the steamers going up the bay to Washington or Baltimore. I was not entirely without money, and had never been down the river, so he suggested that I accompany him that far, and come back on the train the following day. The plan was wholly agreeable to me, and accordingly tickets were purchased, and early next morning we went aboard the *Pocahontas* at Richmond.

It was a beautiful morning, the sky was clear and bright, and the air was as fresh as a mountain breeze. We walked the decks together; explored in dark holes below, asking a question now and then from the officers in charge, and hearing an occasional 'Northerners' from the passengers. Just after noon, a disagreeable wind sprang up, bringing great, black clouds, with showers in them, that swept down upon us and away again, leaving the boat like a beautiful white duck after a dive in a stream. The storm finally turned the day into a gray, drizzling afternoon. The weather, the thought of separation, and that unaccountable feeling of awe and loneliness that always comes to one board ship, made us thoughtful, and as we stopped for a few moments at Jamestown to look at the crumbled church wall and the silent old graveyard, with its dead, we both felt that we stood upon holy ground. Roy talked like Hamlet before Ophelia's grave. "Where are they all now?" he said, with a sweep of his hand toward the deserted island; "how they suffered and toiled in tears, and only a grave left! Old man, let's always be friends." It was late when we reached Old Point Comfort. The great hotel near the beach shone out in a glare of light. Down in front, a hundred husky negroes were arranging the freight for the boats which were already steaming across Hampton Road from Norfolk. Out toward the sea, a heavy fog hung down over the capes. On the left stood Fortress Monroe, sombre and silent. Just off lay two huge battleships, from which a light or two glimmered, and an occasional mournful note of a bugle came over the waters. As the Washington boat pulled alongside, I said good-bye to Roy, with a heavy heart. He went up the plank, and as the lines were being hauled in he was waving his hat and crying from the hurricane deck, "Good-bye, old man, good-bye." I stood above watching them go out into the night, and wondering who had first called the place Point Comfort. When there was but a spark of light visible through the gloom, I turned and walked up the deserted pier.

The half-yearly report of the missionaries for the Swedish mission, ending June 30, 1906, published in *Nordstjarnan* for August 1, shows that there are five conferences in that mission. There are sixty-seven missionaries in the field who had distributed 83,145 tracts, and 15,378 books, and had held 10,000 gospel conversations, 1,672 meetings, blessed nine children, and baptized thirty-seven souls. P. Mattson is the mission president, with headquarters at Stockholm.

OUR WORK.

Y. M. M. I. A. ANNUAL CONVENTIONS.

DEAR BRETHREN:—The annual conventions of the Y. M. M. I. A. officers will be held in August, September and October, 1906, on the dates named below:

Taylor—Monday, August 20.

Alberta—Saturday and Sunday, August 25 and 26.

Panguitch—Monday, September 3.

Alpine, Beaver, Emery, Juab, Malad, San Juan (at Bluff), San Luis, Hyrum, Sevier, Bannock (at Thatcher)—Sunday, September 9.

Kanab, Big Horn—Monday, September 10.

Box Elder, Cassia, Granite, Pocatello, Teton, Ensign, Jordan, Nebo, Weber, North Davis—Sunday, September 16.

St. George, Monday—September 17.

Salt Lake, Pioneer, Liberty, Star Valley, South Sanpete, Wasatch, Utah, Cache, Woodruff, Oneida, Wayne, Uintah and South Davis—Sunday, September 23.

Parowan—Monday, September 24.

Morgan, Fremont, Bear Lake, North Sanpete, Summit, Millard—Sunday, September 30.

Union, Blackfoot, Tooele, Benson, Bingham—Sunday, October 14.

St. Johns—Sunday, September 16.

Snowflake—Wednesday, September 19.

Maricopa—Sunday, September 23.

St. Joseph, at Thatcher—Wednesday, September 26.

Juarez—Monday, October 1.

Stake superintendents will please give special and immediate attention to the following items:

1st. Confer with the stake presidency—secure their co-operation and arrange for the conventions.

2nd. See that your ward and stake organizations are all complete and your class teachers selected before the convention.

3d. See that all officers and class teachers are notified, by letter or by personal visit if necessary to secure their attendance.

4th. Secure suitable hall or halls for the convention, where both the Young Men's and Young Ladies' officers may be accommodated, without interfering with the Sunday schools or the ward meetings. Consult with the Young Ladies' officers

in regard to this. Confer with the officers of the Young Ladies and arrange for entertaining officers who come from a distance; and, if practicable, provide for joint luncheon between sessions.

5th. Have all Sunday school teachers who are Mutual Improvement officers or class teachers excused from Sunday school classes to attend the morning session of the convention. This has been provided for by arrangement between the two Boards.

6th. Do not neglect to extend a cordial, special invitation to the stake presidency, high councilors, and bishops and their counselors to attend the convention meetings.

7th. See to it that competent persons are selected to treat the subjects at the convention and assign the topics to them in advance, and call attention to the necessity of preparing the subject according to the outlines.

8th. Send copies of this circular to every ward president without delay.

9th. Hold at least one preliminary meeting of the stake superintendency, aids, and convention speakers, and discuss the convention subjects thoroughly and perfect all arrangements of the convention, in ample time before the date. Provide lights and janitors and seats for the places of meeting.

In making these arrangements, care should be taken not to interfere with the sessions of the Sunday schools or regular ward meetings. Some settlement should be selected where the meetings can be held in some building other than that in which the Sunday school and ward meetings are held.

Thoroughly advertise your convention throughout your stake; have frequent notice given in all ward meetings, Sunday schools and other gatherings, and have notice published in your local newspaper, in addition to individual notice, personal or by letter, to every Y. M. M. I. A. officer, including the class teacher.

For the work of the Young Men's Associations, two meetings will be held, one at 10 a.m. and one at 2 p.m. In the evening, at the most convenient hour, a joint meeting will be held, to which the public may be invited. No program need be prepared for that evening meeting, except one or two musical selections. Members of the General Board will occupy the time. In case no visitors from the Board are present, the stake officers should be prepared to occupy the time in presenting to the public the advantages and outlines of M. I. A. work for the season and otherwise proceed with the convention work.

The meetings will be conducted by the stake Y. M. M. I. A. officers, under the direction of the representative of the General Board, and the program will consist of the following:

1st. Officers, and officers' meetings.

1.—What it means to be an officer: Indispensability of meetings.

2.—Stake, Ward, separate, and conjoint meetings.

3.—Time of meeting.

4.—Monthly reports.

5.—Order of business for officers meetings. a. Roll call. b. Prayer.
c. Minutes. d. Reports including plans and programs for regular meetings. e. Appointments. f. Miscellaneous.

- 6.—Spirituality; general initiative, enthusiasm, loyalty, and aggressiveness in the work.

2nd. Class work.

- 1.—Senior and Junior text books, and how to obtain them.
- 2.—Class leader. Membership, including regularity, preparation, and deportment.
- 3.—Order.
- 4.—Interest, including the need of kindling inspiration and inquiry.
- 5.—Instruction. Application.

3d. The IMPROVEMENT ERA.

- a. Testimony of its value and use: as a missionary, as a literary production, as a text book for preliminary exercises.
- b. How obtained.
- c. Slogan for 1906-7: 10,000 subscribers.
- d. Promptness in business matters.

4th. Missionary work.

- 1.—All officers specially called.
- 2.—Object of the work.
- 3.—Who should be labored with?
- 4.—Call attention to Elder Lyman's speech at annual conference.
- 5.—Management of the work.
- 6.—Monthly reports to be rendered by ward presidents and stake superintendents.

5th. M. I. A. General Fund.

- 1.—Envelopes and distribution.
- 2.—Record of accounts.

6th. Supplementary reading.

- 1.—Preliminary programs.
- 2.—"Rasselas." This will be the literary study for 1906-7 and the text will be printed in full in the ERA.
- 3.—"John Halifax." } These two books are recommended as light but
- 4.—"True to his Home." } good supplementary home reading for the season.

At the morning meeting the first three subjects will be considered, and the second three at the afternoon meeting.

The stake superintendents will select for each topic the most competent person in the stake to present the subject, and two other competent persons in the stake to discuss it in all its bearings, after which a brief general discussion should be encouraged, at which all pertinent questions will be considered. Great care should be exercised to select the persons most suitable to discuss these subjects.

The General Board has approved and authorized these arrangements and instructions, and expects that the local officers will zealously carry them out. We trust that you will make every necessary sacrifice to accomplish the work, and that no excuse will be offered on the day of the convention, but that every requirement will be met.

These M. I. A. conventions, of all our gatherings for officers, are the most important, and should be made the big events of the year. Any neglect on your part will work an injury to the cause of the young people in your stake. This year's convention ought to be the best ever held. It will require work on your part and that of your assistants to make this convention a grand success, but the good which will result will amply repay you for the effort, and we pray that the Lord will bless you accordingly.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

Improvement Association officers will take notice that the General Board recommend three books for supplementary reading during the year; namely, *Rasselas*, *John Halifax*, and *True to His Home*. The text of the first-named book will be published in the ERA, and is intended for study in the associations, exercises to be rendered at the preliminary meetings. Each member should read all three of these books during the year, and especially make careful study of the one selected for that purpose. *Rasselas* was written by Samuel Johnson, in the early part of the eighteenth century, and deals with the vanity of human wishes. It is a series of essays on the problems of life, through which runs a simple story, which serves to hold them together. The value of the book lies neither in the story, nor the solutions of the problems of life; but it is chiefly valuable for the wise reflections contained in many of its passages, and the excellent style in which it is written. A place should be provided in the preliminary program every two weeks for a review of a portion of the story outlined, for that period, in the manual. Such review should be given by capable members, and should include:

- 1—Narration of the story.
- 2—Explanation of the ideas advanced.
- 3—Reading of the choicest passages.
- 4—Criticism.

John Halifax is a family story, very interesting, and is designed to encourage young men to overcome difficulties and to achieve success. It is an English work; but it is not thought that young people will have much difficulty in understanding the conditions that surround young Halifax.

True to His Home, by Hezekiah Butterworth, deals with the early life of Benjamin Franklin, being written in a most interesting and attractive style for boys and young men.

NOTES.

Elder H. B. Crouch, who has served as superintendent of Morgan stake for many years, and done commendable work for the Y. M. M. I. A., has been released from the position, and been chosen as first counselor to the bishop of the Morgan ward. He says: "The M. I. A. work has surely been pleasing, as far as I could accomplish it, and I have still a warm place in my heart for the M. I. A. work, and expect now to take hold of it in a ward capacity, and wish it great success."

The stake superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. of St. Johns stake, Arizona, has been reorganized. Elder James W. Lesueur, who has efficiently acted as superintendent for a number of years, has been released on account of being appointed to another position, and Elder C. S. Love of Eagar, Arizona, has been selected to take his place.

Elder Joseph Folkman, stake secretary Y. M. M. I. A. of Blackfoot, reports that the series of summer lectures held by the Y. M. M. I. A. of that stake are very popular, the one held on the last Sunday of July being unusually well attended, room being at a premium, with many standing on the outside, while buggies lined the streets for some distance each way. The officers are highly elated over the success of these meetings. The speakers, so far, have been President Nephi L. Morris, of the Salt Lake stake; President Pond, of the Pocatello stake, President Ben E. Rich, of the Southern States mission, and Elder B. H. Roberts.

The officers of the Wasatch stake were working hard in the early part of August to complete all the organizations of that stake, and fill all the vacancies prior to the convention; and this state of affairs is an indication of what was going on in nearly all the stakes of Zion. We trust that every officer will be on hand at the annual convention of his stake.

At the quarterly conference of San Juan stake, at Mancos, on the 29th and 30th of July, the assistants of Superintendent A. R. Lyman, Henry Wood and Elmer Taylor, of the Y. M. M. I. A., were released to act as counselors to bishops, and in their places were sustained Edward F. Thompson, Moab, Utah, first, and Dan Christensen, Fruitland, New Mexico, second, assistant. These brethren are faithful workers, and will no doubt be of great aid to Superintendent Lyman in the cause of Mutual Improvement in that stake.

Superintendent David Bennion of the Uintah stake, writing from Vernal, August 7, says: The Y. M. M. I. A. are holding public meetings here each Sunday evening this summer, with a program of music, readings, recitations, etc., and a regular course of lectures, and we are doing a splendid work in interesting and drawing the young people in.

On Sunday, July 12, the bishopric of the Papago ward, Maricopa stake, was reorganized. Bishop George M. Tiffany and his counselors were released with thanks for their past labors; and Isaac H. Rogers, superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of that stake, was appointed to preside over the Southern Indian mission. This will necessitate a reorganization of the Y. M. M. I. A. of that stake.

On the 21st of May Elder John T. Smellie was sustained as second counselor in the stake presidency of the Taylor stake, Canada, in place of J. W. Knight, resigned, writes Elder George H. Budd, stake secretary. The stake organization of the Y. L. M. I. A. was sustained as follows, upon resignation of stake president Jennie B. Knight: Amelia H. Allred, president; Edith F. Budd and Margaret E. P. Gordon, counselors; Mary J. Duke, secretary and treasurer; with Guenever S. Brimhall organist, and Allie R. Jensen class leader.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

The Jamestown Exposition.—The United States is to have another exposition which will open on the 26th of April, 1907, and is to be known as the Jamestown Exposition. It is to be held on the shores of Hampton Roads, near Norfolk, Va. A recent decision of the board of management, determines that the exposition will not open on Sundays, so that the dissatisfaction at the Lewis and Clark exposition last year, on account of the compromise arrangement in regard to Sunday opening, will not be experienced in this new exposition, where absolute closing of the gates every Sunday will be the rule. This arrangement will afford visitors an opportunity to visit points of historic interest in the vicinity of Norfolk, on Sunday, and attend worship in one or more of the historic church buildings in Norfolk, and neighboring towns. These are very famous old churches dating back to colonial times, the oldest and most famous being St. Paul's Episcopal church, erected in 1739. The bricks in this building were imported from England, long before America had a brick-yard. High up under the eaves at one corner, next to Church street, a cannon ball is imbedded in the wall. The ivy is cut away, around the ball, and below is an inscription reciting the fact that the shot was fired from Lord Dunmore's ships January 1, 1776. Then there is the old St. John's church, said to be the third oldest church in the United States, with its curious monuments of black marble standing in its burial ground; and at Smithfield, nearby, is another church remarkable because many of the combatants of Baker's rebellion are buried there, either in the church itself, or its old graveyard. The church was built in the middle of the 17th century, being a plain buttressed structure, with a square which gives it the appearance of some ancient English church. Then again there are the ruins of the old church at Jamestown Island, the second church to be built in the new world. On the ground where this church was built was formerly a wooden structure, the first in the United States, which was burned down by the Indians a few months after it was erected. It was then rebuilt of brick imported from England. Little by little the structure has succumbed to the ravages of time, and the tower alone is now left. This old church was the refuge of early colonies when threatened by Indians.

Died.—At Cannonville, Utah, Tuesday, July 3, Emily B. Spencer, well known to many pioneer families of southern Utah, because of her poetical writings; born in Buffalo, N. Y., June 14, 1834, and came with her husband, George Spencer, to Utah in 1852.—In Taylorsville, Tuesday, 3rd, William Bennion, a brother of

Bishop Heber Bennion, born April 9, 1863. His death occurred by a falling hay derrick, while he was putting up hay for Mrs. Mary Newbold whose husband is on a mission in England.—In Randolph, Thursday, 5th, Olavus Jacobson, a handcart veteran of 1857, born Norway, November 25, 1845, came to America in 1856, and to Salt Lake City in 1857. He was a member of the bishopric for twenty years.—In Payson, Thursday, 5th, John W. Keele, one of the settlement's oldest residents, born in Green county, Illinois, in 1842, and came to Utah in 1852.—In Menan, Idaho, Saturday, 7th, Martha McCall Montague, born Tennessee, September 6, 1835, a resident of Nauvoo in the early days, and came to Utah in 1868.—In Los Angeles, Cal., Saturday, 7th, Axel Einarsen, born Denmark, August 9, 1843, a brother-in-law of Bishop C. A. Madsen, of Gunnison, came to Utah in 1862, and was a merchant for many years at Axtel and Redman.—In American Fork, Sunday, 8th, Christian Franson, born Copenhagen, Denmark, January 11, 1819, joined the Church in 1855, and emigrated in 1857, coming with the handcart company, to within 120 miles west of Omaha, where, owing to ill health, he remained, coming to Utah in 1861 by ox team.—In Hooper, Tuesday, 10th, Mary Ann Fowles, wife of Joseph Fowles, born Wales, in 1846.—In Garland, Thursday, 12th, William A. Ray, one of the best known of the country-town business men of the state of Utah, born Mississippi, 1849, and came to Utah with his parents in 1853. He represented Millard county in the legislature of 1897-8.—In Salina, Sevier county, Friday, 13th, William McFadyen, who early took part in the siege of Sebastopol, and in the relief of Lucknow, born in Scotland, March 25, 1829, joined the Church in 1845, and came to Utah in 1863, settling in Salina in 1871, where he filled with honor and credit nearly every office in the gift of the people.—In Spanish Fork, Friday, 13th, William T. James, for many years conductor of the choir and instructor of musical studies, born in Wales, June 25, 1848, came to Utah in 1866.—In Ephraim, Wednesday, 18th, Anthon J. Peterson, grandson of former President Canute Peterson, 23 years of age, was accidentally killed by the prongs of a hay derrick.—In Salina, Monday, 23rd, Anna Catherine Jensen, born Denmark, January 19, 1816, embraced the gospel 1853, in Loland, came to America in 1855, and resided in Iowa until August 6, 1859, when she and her husband arrived in Salt Lake City.—In Salt Lake City, July 24th, Heber C. Kimball, grandson of the illustrious pioneer of that name, born July 15, 1879, the son of Albert H. and Hattie Partridge Kimball.—In Springville, Wednesday, 29th, Mary Wood Bagley, was buried. She was born in Decatur county, Ind., March 22, 1833, and came to Utah in 1853; was a pioneer of Arizona in 1877.—In Ogden, Monday, 30th, Frederick William Geisler, born Germany, October 11, 1829, came to Utah thirty-four years ago, and resided in Ogden City.—In Salt Lake City, 30th, Wilford W. Luce, born Fox Island, November 7, 1837, came to Utah in 1848.

The Salton Sea.—Edmund Mitchell gives a very entertaining account of the formation of the Salton Sea, in the August number of the *North American Review*. Owing to a diversion of the course of the lower Colorado river, Southern California will add to its geographical features, a lake that covers an area of more than four hundred square miles, being now the largest sheet of water in the

United States, next to the Great Salt Lake, not counting, of course, Lake Michigan. The Salton Sink is a vast depression, the lowest part of which is two hundred and sixty-three feet below sea level, and lies near the river bed of the lower Colorado river, which was prevented from running into the sink only by a barrier of sand hills. These sand hills were opened to the river by an irrigation company which sought to take waters through them for a vast district of arid land. The season of 1904-5 proved to be one of abnormal rainfall all over the southwest, and the Colorado river rose so that the intake to this canal, which had not been provided with headgates at all, were flooded, and the waters became unmanageable, the river gradually turning and emptying all its waters into the Salton Sink. Little notice was taken of it at first, as long as the rising waters only affected a desert area practically untraversed by man; but soon the Southern Pacific Railroad Company was compelled to move its railway tracks towards the mountains because of the rise of the waters. Then the railway company came to the assistance of the California development Company, in the fall months of 1905; but all their efforts to change the course of the river were in vain. Since December last, all the waters of the Colorado have been poured into the Salton Sea which has been rising at about the rate of six vertical inches per week, the area of the lake is thus steadily and inexorably extending. Mr. Mitchell states that should the waters of the river continue to flow into the basin in their present volume, after making the proper allowance for evaporation, it will take from thirty to forty years to fill the entire saucer-like depression up to sea level. Should this ever happen, there would be a lake nearly two thousand square miles in area, the overflow waters of which would eventually reach the gulf by some new channel, cut through the barriers of silt at their weakest point of resistance. On account of treaties between the United States and Mexico the matter of preventing the filling up of the Salton Sea has become one of international importance. The treaty between Mexico and the United States recognizes the Colorado River as a navigable stream to be preserved as such for the joint benefit of both countries. The diversion breaks the treaty. In the meantime, the Colorado, at Calexico, was ten miles wide, pouring its body of water into the Salton Sea by the new river channel, and the lake rose from June 3 to June 19, more than eight feet, and in July of this year the lake was only two miles away from the prosperous agricultural settlement of Mecca which will soon inevitably be obliterated from the map of California. But we are told that the most serious result of the great summer flood has been the "cutting back" of the river bed from the lake toward the intake, in which process a receding waterfall has been formed, to which the fine sandy loam can offer no resistance, and a canyon has been cut one thousand feet wide and thirty feet deep, right through the Imperial country. This "cutting back" toward the intake has continued at the rate of nearly a mile a day, and the waters have thus swept away the Mexican town of Mexicali, and threaten to destroy thousands of acres of land, besides rendering valueless a large number of beautiful farms which have been redeemed by irrigation in the Imperial Valley.

Affairs in Russia.—History has been making fast in the Russian Empire. On the 22nd of July, the Duma was dissolved by the Czar, and St.

Petersburg was placed under semi-martial law. Peter Stolypin was then appointed Premier to succeed Goremykin. The following day, the two hundred members of the dissolved Duma held a meeting at Viborg, Finland, and adopted a manifesto to the people of Russia urging them to refuse to pay taxes, or to send conscripts to the army, until the power of the Parliament should be restored. This action was followed in the latter part of July, and early August, by the extreme revolutionary movements in Russia, Poland and Finland; \$40,000 of government money was taken from trains which were held up by revolutionists in Poland; two officers and seven men of the accompanying guard were killed. On July 31st the troops of the Sveaborg fortress mutinied, the artillery men seizing some of the forts and bombarding the main fortress. All night long, and far into the following day the fight continued; but the government finally suppressed the outbreak after hundreds had been killed; and on the 2nd of August the mutineers surrendered. Immediately following the Sveaborg outbreak another premature and unsuccessful mutiny broke out among the sailors in the fortress Kronstadt. This mutiny was likewise quickly suppressed. Following this there was a calm of some days; but about the middle of August, anarchy again prevailed, and outbreaks were common in almost every part in Russia, the police officials being attacked by the Social Revolutionists in all parts of the Empire. The new Premier has given repeated assurance that the regime of representative government is not renounced, but only suspended, and that a new Duma will appear on March 5, 1907, the members of which are to be elected in December "on a basis of universal suffrage, instead of by the indirect, complicated, and discriminative method followed in the selection of delegates to the body lately dissolved." This appears to be a scheme of the bureaucratic government to obtain tools of their own making for the new Duma; whereas, at last spring's election there was no resort to improper modes of influence on the part of Count Witte, a fact which constitutes one of his highest titles of respect, but which, of course, did not endear him to the radical and selfish opponents of free institutions. The manifesto was with greatest difficulty printed, and the distribution of it is finding serious obstacles in its way, so that the people will scarcely be informed upon its contents. While the instrument confined itself strictly to the recommendation of passive resistance, by refusal on the part of the people to pay taxes, or to furnish conscripts for the army, it is very doubtful whether the Russian people after they have read and pondered it will consent to restrict themselves in this way. It is more likely that there will be a concerted and vehement revolt, or at least such a reign of terror as was amply foreshadowed in the events of middle August. As a proof that the Viborg manifesto will not be heeded, the minister of war has announced that 369,718 of recruits called to the colors for this fall, have already subscribed their names at the office of the recruiting boards. If the present government can succeed in collecting the installments, as they become due, on the last loan negotiated in April, the face value of which is \$440,000,000, the conflict will be continued on the part of the government without hindrance. Each installment will perhaps keep the government supplied with funds for three months. The second installment was paid on August 1, and the next will be due in November. In the

meantime, Russia is the center of the eyes of all those who are anxiously watching the development of one of the greatest struggles for liberty in modern times.

Earthquake in Valparaiso.—On Thursday evening, August 16, at 7:52 o'clock, a violent earthquake shock occurred in Valparaiso and along the coast of Chili. It was followed that night by eighty-two other shocks, which almost completely destroyed the city, being followed by the ravages of fire. Latest advices place the property loss in Valparaiso alone at \$170,000,000, and the loss of life at over 500, some say 10,000 persons. The whole population is sleeping in the hills, parks and streets, and there is much destitution and suffering. Large numbers of towns, with populations numbering from two to ten thousand, all along the Chilian coast are reported to have suffered heavily. Railroad and telegraph communication is destroyed. The horror is freely compared to the great cataclysm of San Francisco, and when the full details are known, may even exceed that, as far as destruction of life is concerned.

Four Missionaries Dead.—Three young men engaged in the missionary field died in the early part of August. The first, Elder Thomas J. Adair, died in St. Johns, Arizona, August 1, on his way home to Luna, New Mexico, from a mission in the South Western States to which he had been called April 1, 1904. He labored in Arkansas, where he contracted typhoid-malaria which caused his death. He was the son of Samuel N. and Ellen J. Brown, and was born in Nutrioso, Apache Co., Arizona, May 28, 1884. He was a good, energetic and lively spirit. He was buried in St. Johns.

The second was Elder Aaron W. Jackson who was accidentally drowned at La Crosse, Wis., August 3, while bathing with two companions in the Black River, a tributary of the Mississippi. Elder Jackson was the son of Aaron and Myrtle Rawson Jackson, and was born in Ogden about twenty two years ago, and had been in the mission field about one year. He was a bright and energetic young man. His body was accompanied to Ogden, Utah, by President German E. Ellsworth, of the Northern States Mission.

On August 6, Elder Wallace L. Johnson, an obedient and faithful young man, died at Albany, New York, of appendicitis, and his remains were taken home to Linden, Utah, with Elder Jesse Bean in charge. Elder Johnson was born May 3, 1887, and was set apart to his mission in the Eastern States in March, 1905. He is the son of Gustave and Myrtle Johnson who removed to Utah from Illinois some time ago.

On the 26th of July, in Auckland, New Zealand, Elder George W. Stevens died of brain-fever, at Invercargilt Hospital. His illness was of only short duration. He was only ten days in the hospital. Elder Stevens was born in Ephraim, Utah, January 19, 1873. His home was in Ferron, Emery Co., Utah. He left to fill his mission in New Zealand in December, 1905. The body was shipped to Utah from Auckland, August 16, accompanied by Elder Hyrum L. Baker.

The ERA extends its deepest sympathy to the relatives and friends of these noble young men who have laid down their lives while in the service of the Lord.

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